

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1992

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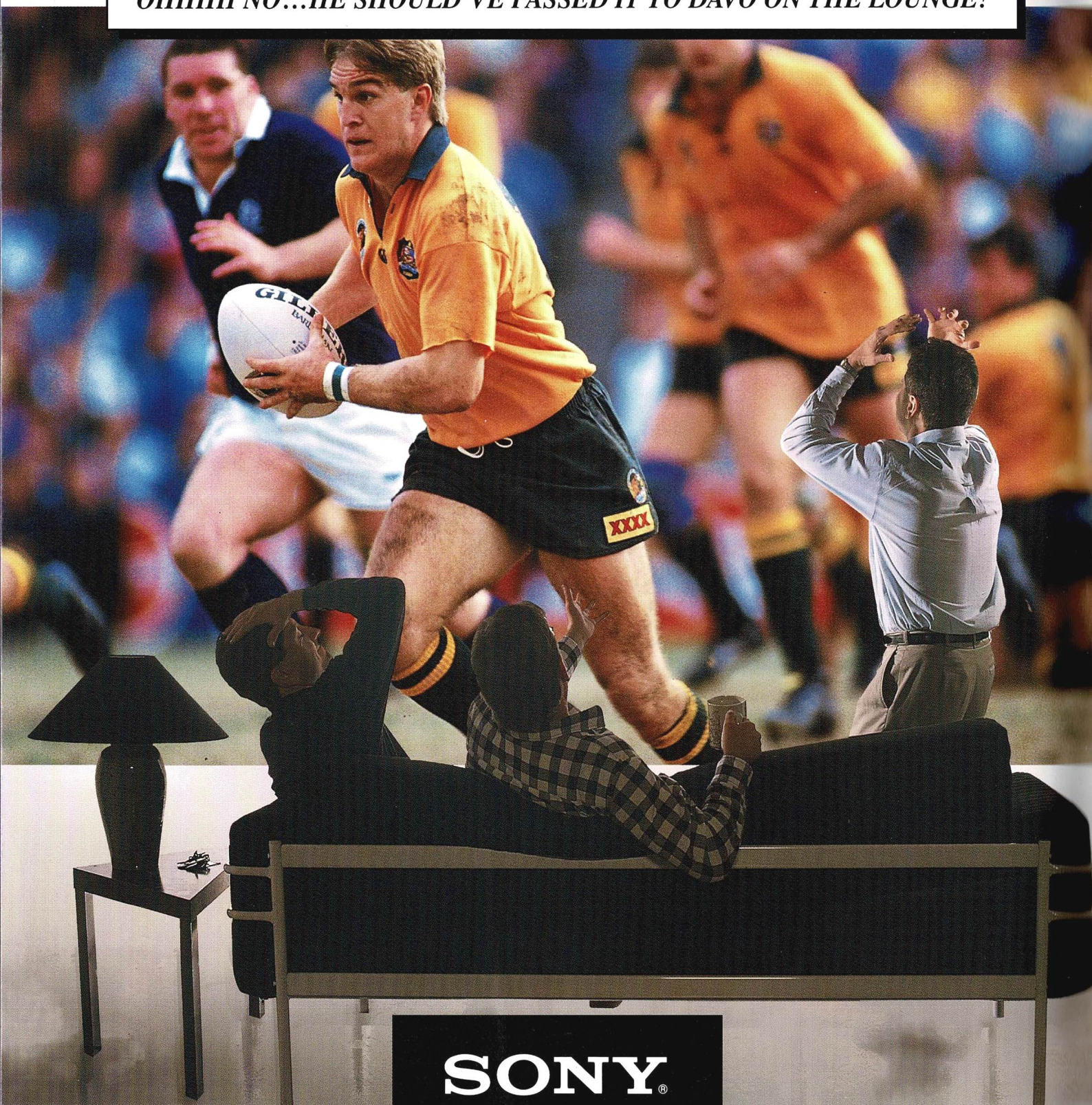
Plus: Why she left Warwick!

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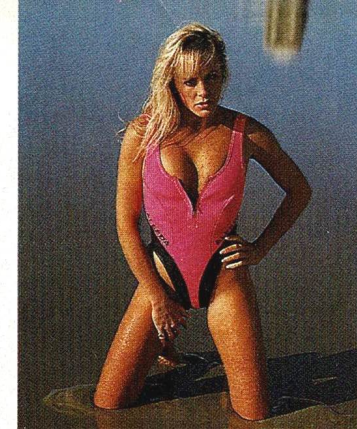
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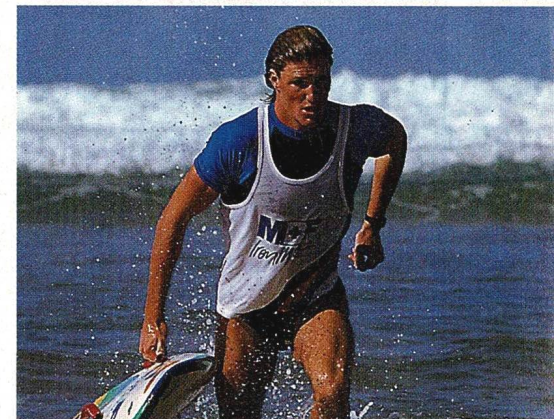


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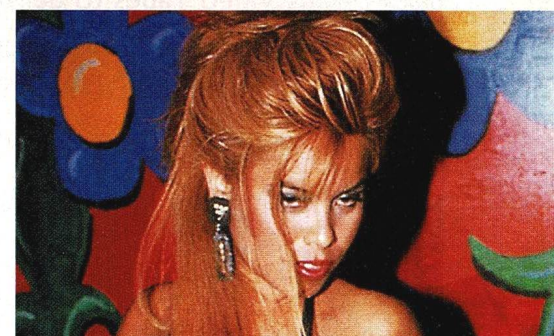
The Big Stink



Iron Awe



Two Wheels



Nightlife

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NOVEMBER



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ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (03) 272 8302; Qld: Geoff Home Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; New Zealand: David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

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EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; Sr VP/Graphics Director: Frank De Vito; VP/Art Director Intl: Joe Brooks; Art Director: Richard Bleiweiss; Editor: Peter Bloch; Managing Editor: Barbara Rice.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303 Tel: (818) 992-4777.

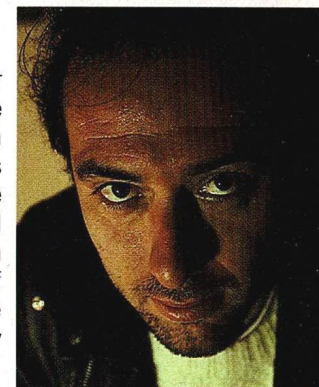
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housecall

THE BIG STINK

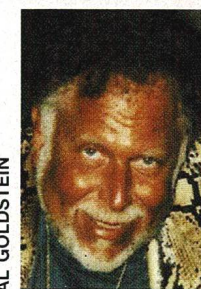
Freelance journalist **John Birmingham** is a writer with a special interest in what he calls "the politics of violence", and what happens when people become isolated by political systems. His previous stories for *Penthouse* have covered the subjects of Queensland police, campus rape and evangelist Howard Carter. On page 34, Birmingham turns his attentions to the NSW coastal town of Coffs Harbour and sees what happens when the formerly privileged white middle class suddenly find themselves on the wrong side of The Law.



JOHN BIRMINGHAM

PLEASURE AND PAIN

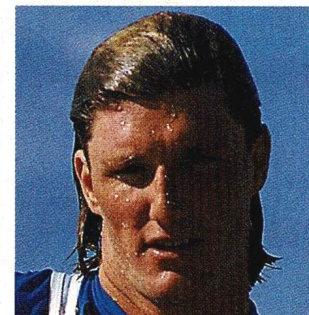
Al Goldstein is something of a major cult figure in the United States. He is the founding editor/publisher of the outrageous *Screw* magazine and produces the hugely popular *Midnight Blue* cable TV porn show out of New York. He is a self-appointed defender of pornography and for two years wrote the Travelling Hedonist column for *Australian Penthouse*. On page 66 Goldstein returns for the seventh instalment of our Nightlife series when he takes us on a tour of New York's S&M bars with his date, the porn princess, Seka.



AL GOLDSTEIN

IRON AWE

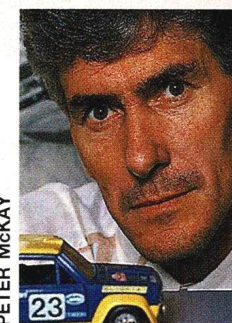
Trevor Hendy is wealthy, good looking and intelligent. He is also the greatest competitive surf lifesaver the world has ever seen. At 23, the ironman from the Gold Coast already has a bundle of national and world titles, and has a huge future ahead of him. As incredible as it seems, our Hendy profile by **Graham Bicknell** is the ironman's first major national print interview. See Hendy's success secrets and photos from *Camera One* on page 50.



TREVOR HENDY

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Penthouse Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** has done a lot in 11 years of writing for the magazine. He's driven races at Bathurst, Spa Francorchamps and the famous Repco Round Australia Trial. And he's competed in cars that normal citizens would only ever dream of driving. But in this month's motoring column, McKay leaps to the defence of one of the most joked-about marques in Australia — Volvo. On page 22 he reveals that the Swedish car maker's latest model to hit these shores is stylish, fast, responsive and anything but a joke.



PETER MCKAY

FREE SPIRIT

Joanne and Warwick Capper used to be the Ken and Barbie of Australia. They were the mix 'n' match blonde bombshells of the 1980s. Warwick was the Sydney Swans star with the impossibly tight shorts. Joanne was the gorgeous blonde wife at all the social functions. But beneath the public image as the perfect couple, Joanne was not happy and recently the marriage broke down. On page 39, Joanne Capper talks to **Graham Bicknell** about why she left Warwick — and *Camera One's* photographs show Joanne as she's never been exposed before.



JOANNE CAPPER

feedback

Fairlie impressive

As a reader of *Australian Penthouse* since its release, I have never waited for an issue with as much trepidation as I had for the August 1992 issue.

I have been looking forward to the pictorial featuring Fairlie Arrow since the media releases about her appearance about 3 months ago.

She is one of the most attractive women to have featured in your pages. I can't understand why the police weren't falling over themselves to help her regarding her "crazed fan."

My only disappointment was that the pictorial was so short. You could have published more complete photos of her. It was also disappointing that many of the photos had the top of her head cut off. Otherwise it was a wonderful photoset and my compliments go to Bambi.

It is because of ladies such as Fairlie that I have been a regular reader of your magazine. Keep up the good work. — *Name and address withheld*

Fairlie ordinary

What a great magazine. My wife and I have subscribed to Black Label *Penthouse* for some time now. And the quality of your editorials and pictorials have up until now been of a very high standard.

However, your August 1992 edition will make me seriously consider not renewing my subscription. Fairlie Arrow. What a rough diamond!

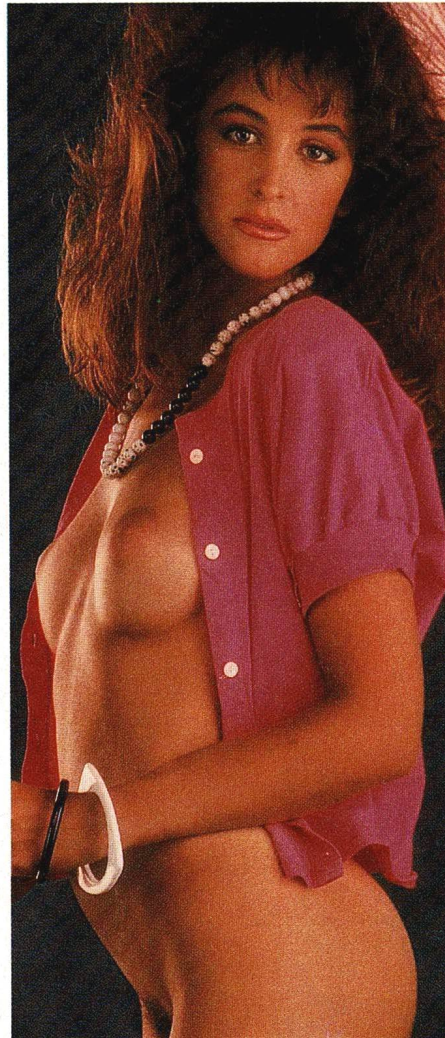
I subscribe to Black Label to see quality models, not an aging B-grade entertainer. — *G. Oliver, St Marys, NSW*

Fairlie disappointing

Being a subscriber to Black Label for nearly two years, I find the pictorials of good quality and most articles make good reading. However, I was most disappointed with the pictorial of Fairlie Arrow in your August 1992 edition.

You have stooped down to the likes of *Cleo* and similar magazines, in doing a "gossipy" type story. All Fairlie wanted was publicity and to make money, and *Penthouse* has played right into her hands.

I definitely do not want to finance her legal fees in buying your magazine. Surely for what you paid Fairlie you could have obtained another model who is a lot better looking, as Fairlie is



Sally Worth — worth remembering

definitely no stunner. I am pleased to see that the other pictorials in August's edition were of their usual high standard, especially the couple in "Poolside Manner." — *Name and address withheld*

Kiwi quip

Mark Abernethy's "Nightlife" article (July 92) confirmed something we had known for years. Kiwi grog isn't worth drinking and Kiwis can't hold their grog. *Greg Ward, Cowra, NSW*

Worth remembering

Well, what can I say? You have done it again. Congratulations on another fantastic Pet, Sally Worth. The guys at work loved the pictures so much they won't give the magazine back. She certainly gets our pick as Pet Of The Year! Please, please could you show

me more of Sally Worth and others like her. Thanks again for a wonderful magazine. We love it. — *Tom Roberts, Aldgate, SA*

Wow!

I thought I would write and congratulate you on "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (part 4 of the Nightlife series).

The story and the photography was excellent. Stories on drugs have been a bit thin on the ground lately so I was very pleased.

As for Rosie Talavera and Heather Sweet all I can say is "WOW." — *H. Thompson, Five Dock, Sydney*

Breakfast show

I would like to compliment Frants Kantor on his very funny and clever depiction of Liz Hayes in Kantor's Celebrity Skins in your August edition. Unfortunately, the picture of Liz with her private parts submerged in a bowl full of milk and breakfast cereal has put me off Rice Bubbles for life. — *Name and address withheld*

Picture this

I have enjoyed reading your magazine for many years now and am a subscriber to the Black Label edition. On a number of occasions in the past I noticed that some of your photographs have been printed in reverse. Having done some photographic darkroom work I have a tendency to notice these things.

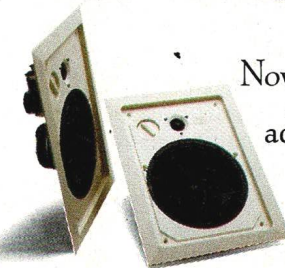
In the August edition I noticed that in the "Fairlie Nude" pictorial, on page 42, the upper photo showed the bracelet with the round medallions on it on the left arm, and in the lower photo the bracelet is on the right arm. In the lower photo there is a newspaper and that is readable. So is the upper photo printed in reverse?

In the pictorial on Heather Sweet on page 112 there is a dark spot on the right tit. In the photo on the opposite page the dark spot is on the left tit. So is this photo printed in reverse also?

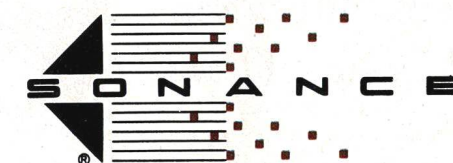
In the loose ends section on page 125 the photo for the Cutting Edge is reversed.

I hope you could look into these matters and remedy them so that they do not spoil the perfect product that your magazine is. — *Stephen Burrows, Manly West, Qld*

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Private lessons

That Kim and I would end up fucking each other was never in doubt. The fact that she was only 17 (God, I hope she was 17) and that I was her substitute teacher never really entered into the equation.

From the very beginning, when I first met the 20 babbling students that were to be my class for the week, the quiet girl near the back of the room caught my attention. Tanned legs stretched out before her. The swell of her ankles and the curve of her thighs seemed to beckon me to the hem of a too-short dress that battled to conceal her just visible panties, let alone the swell of her two full, perfect breasts. Those breasts only half-obscured behind a mane of honey-blond hair, that framed an utterly gorgeous face made all the more desirable by a pair of eyes that pierced me with a look so direct, so wanton, that I immediately felt my cock harden.

She smiled. She knew.

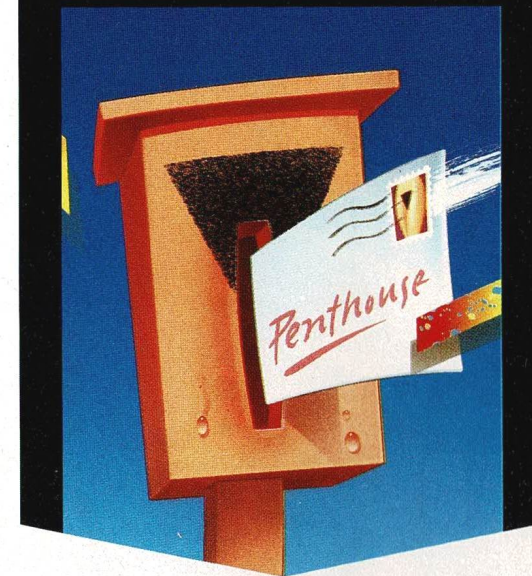
When the knock on my door sounded late on Friday afternoon it was quiet, but expected. It was Kim.

Neither of us said anything, she simply walked over to me, straddled my thighs and, pressing my hand to her sopping panties began lashing kisses on my upturned face and lips. She stopped abruptly, however, throwing her head back and moaning loudly when I began grinding the heel of my hand into her pussy. Unzipping her dress, I pressed my mouth to her breasts, gnawing them and sucking her small pointed nipples till they were almost as hard as my cock.

Time passed. Kim's moans grew louder and longer. Her breath grew ragged until, stifling a cry in my hair and crushing my face to her breasts, she collapsed into my lap as my fingers brought her to a climax that left her shuddering.

"Oh lover," she murmured tugging at my shirt, "I want to touch you, taste you, fuck you."

Urgently dragging me to my feet, Kim slipped her dress and panties to the floor, dropped naked to her knees and began unbuckling my belt, even as I



forum

pulled my shirt over my head. Ripping at my trousers, my briefs, she soon had my manhood free. Blowing lightly with her breath, she smiled up at me and, licking her lips once, proceeded to swallow inch after inch of my glans, her gulping throat and twitching tongue playing havoc with my nerve-endings. Only once when her dilating nostrils were buried firmly in my pubic hair did she pause and, still looking me in the eyes, began to fuck my cock with her face, sucking like a whore, her nails clawing my arse. It was only when my balls began to contract that Kim released my arse to finger her pussy. Eyes closed, groaning, I was oblivious as my orgasm pounded forward. I gasped, paused and as I teetered on the edge, shouted with some pain and much pleasure as Kim pressed a well-lubricated finger up my asshole. My sphincter spasming in time with my glans, I experienced the longest and most powerful orgasm of my life.

Licking her lips, grinning, Kim stood and pressed her hard body to mine, kissing me hungrily. Clearing my desk with a sweep of my arm, I pressed her back onto the wood and roughly spread her legs, staring hard at her neatly trimmed pubic mound and the glistening wet lips of her clean, pink pussy. Wasting no time, I spread the outer lips of her sex and pressed my mouth hungrily into

her cunt, sucking and lapping frantically while Kim went berserk tugging hard on her own nipples. Only once my cock was fully erect again did I pause, and by this time Kim was pulling my hair, begging me to fuck her. Wasting no more time, I stood and, having placed Kim's ankles on my shoulders, pressed the length of my cock into her pussy while Kim writhed on the woodwork. The sensation of slippery heat was so intense the urge to come was nearly overpowering. Starting slowly, I built my rhythm until the sound of my thighs slapping the cheeks of Kim's arse was like a quick clap all but drowned out by her grunts of pleasure.

Shaking her head from side to side, Kim seemed oblivious until she took her hands from where they had been steadying her on the desk and, grasping the backs of her thighs, pulled her legs down until her knees were pressed to her shoulders, her pussy slipping up and away from my cock. Before I could clamber onto the desk to remount her, she grasped my tool with her right hand and, her eyes never leaving mine, slowly guided me into her pussy again. Kim was all the while slowly shaking her head from side to side, her eyes closed her face enraptured. Finally buried to my base, I paused briefly then drew back, then forward, gradually finding my rhythm again. Sensations roared through my cock and the pleasure was excruciating as I fucked one of my students. My glans squelched in her hole as my orgasm became pre-eminent. Kim was by now watching me, her fingers a blur as she tweaked her clit. My moans were as loud as her gasps, my eyes were as glazed as hers, my hips began to twitch uncontrollably. By now heedless of discovery, I shouted loud and long as my cock exploded, my cries echoed by Kim as I came in her hot wet pussy. Only when my by now flaccid member slipped from her did either of us move, and then only to share a long loving kiss.— *Name and address withheld*

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Bus ride

Last summer I all but totalled my car in an accident and I was forced to rely on the city's busses to get me to and from my work waiting tables at a city restaurant. Late one night, after work, I was sitting in the bus, down the back, waiting for it to pull out of the stop, when this stunning blonde got on.

She was gorgeous. About 20, tall, full breasted and with legs up to her armpits. She was wearing a denim jacket over a minuscule white halter-top, and denim cut-offs that would have been a G-string had they been cut any higher.

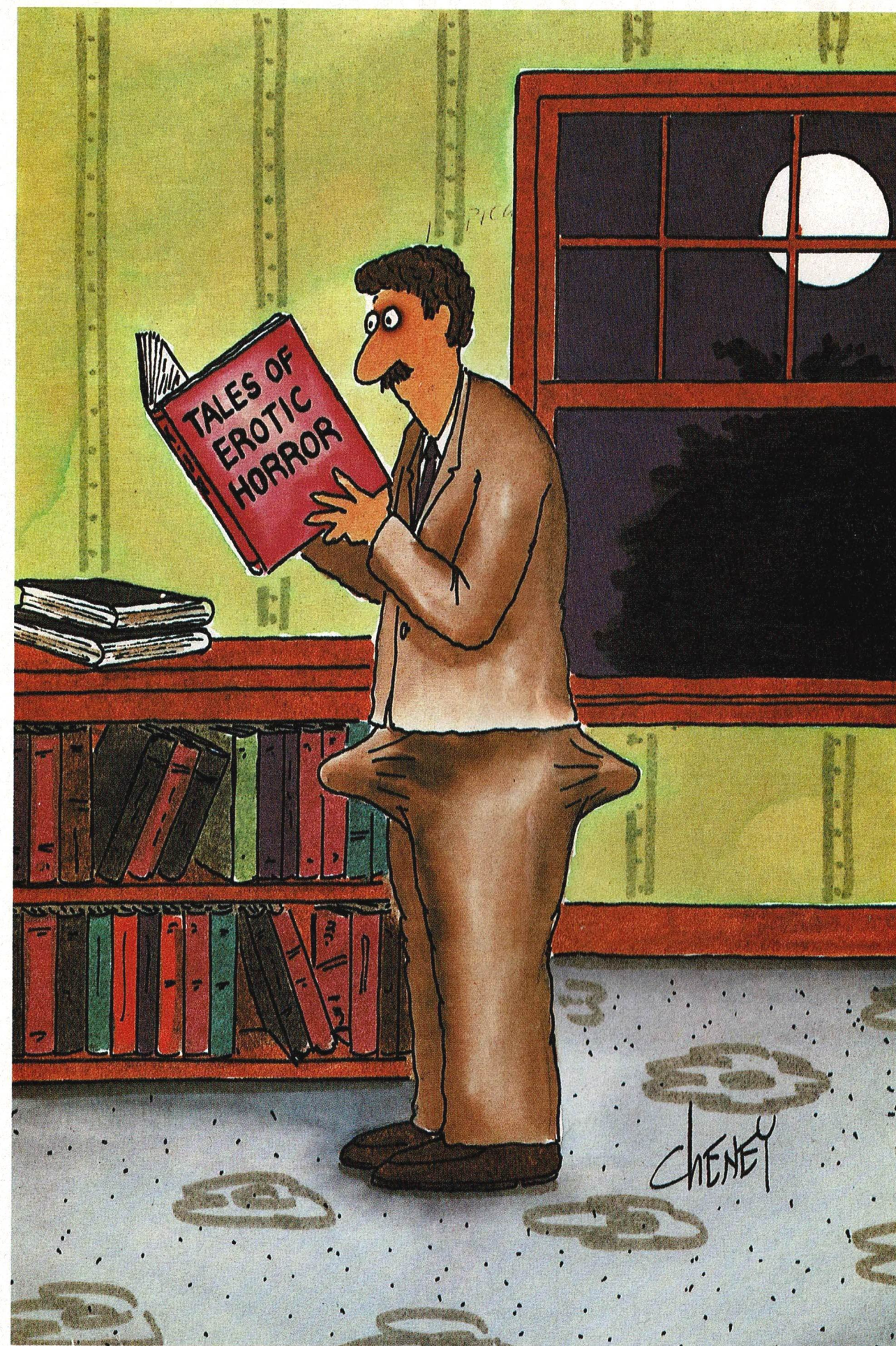
She also had an Attitude with a capital "A." She didn't just walk down the aisle, she strutted. Reaching the back of the bus she flopped down into the window seat opposite me, propped one foot up on the seat beside her, wrapped her arms around one leg, leaned back into the corner and closed her eyes, ignoring me completely. I hadn't been able to take my eyes off her but, apart from one brief glance, she just hadn't been interested in me.

The bus started off and my attention wandered to the streets, but I found I just couldn't get her out of my mind, especially those legs. I kept imagining them wrapped around me. So after a while I had to look at her again.

She looked so relaxed I thought she was dozing, but she wasn't, she began slowly touching her skin — running her hands down over her calf muscles, her knees and finally down the sides of her thigh.

I stared at her totally mesmerised. And her hands didn't stop there. Continuing at the same slow speed they flowed up over her body, across her crotch, under her jacket and finally under her halter top. They drifted over her breasts, and through the material of her top I could see her fingers caressing her breasts and playing with her slowly hardening nipples. She stretched her body, arching her back and pushing her breasts firmly into her hands. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped, grabbed hold of the bottom edge of her halter-top and pulled it up, exposing the most magnificent pair of boobs I have ever seen. I glanced around the bus at the other passengers — seven or eight late night commuters like myself — but nobody else seemed to be aware of what was going on.

By now she was pulling at her nipples, which had hardened to the size of thimbles, and was making soft little moaning sounds that were driving me crazy. My dick was as stiff as a board and straining again my zipper. Just as I was pulling my cock into a more

Continued on page 120

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M O D E R N M A N

FRONT

THORN IN THE SIDE

Why Angry People are a pain in the arse

Ye Gods! The Angry People cometh. Under, over and around, they scurry from their holes like rats following the Pied Piper and swarm over the Modern Man like ants on an ice cream.

Just when you think you've come to grips with William Shakespeare, along comes an angry feminist lecturer who tells you that *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one long rape metaphor. Just as you plunge into your filet mignon, modern Murphy's Law says you're sitting next to a born-again vegetarian who wants to give you a guilt complex.

The Modern Man is under siege, and while he can run like the wind, he's running out of places to hide.

And hide he must — from all the fun-bashing, smile-smashing thought-enforcers who want to stomp the spirit out of the Nineties bloke.

Such a strange array of Angry People now line the horizon that it's easy to see why most of us prefer to talk golf handicaps and footy points than take the risk of saying the wrong thing to the wrong unhappy person.

For the normal happening bloke, who is happy chasing women, taking recreational drugs and listening to loud music, the Angry People have become greater killjoys than any government.

The lesson is simple — the Nineties have become the new nirvana for hypocrites and whingers.

Like the domain of the majestic and leisure-loving Bengal tiger, the Modern Man's world is shrinking. The Angry People draw closer every day, and while the contemporary guy should never directly confront these malcontents and the source of their rage, it is

important to remember the oldest military wisdom of all: know thy enemy.

ANGRY GAY: this is a particularly nasty breed of Angry People. This is the bloke who accuses you of being a homophobe for using the word "poofier", and then calls all his buddies by the same name because it's politically sound. He's

the bloke who tells you 20 times in one evening that gays are "just people" and then tries to stop you seeing a movie because there's a homosexual up there on the screen depicted as just a person. He's the guy who wants the Modern Man to believe that AIDS is a heterosexual problem but then gets his knickers in a twist because the Benetton company



Illustration by Drahos Zak

uses the "gay issue" of AIDS to sell clothes. He says sexual preference shouldn't be such an issue in the Nineties, and then sulks when you tell him that you haven't the slightest interest in who he shares his bed with. The Angry Gay preaches that sexual orientation is a personal choice, then joins a campaign to publicly humiliate fellow gays by "outing" them. The Angry Gay screams like a child for attention and cries "foul" when he gets it.

ANGRY DYKE: If you thought hetero women were difficult, try spending five minutes with this one. The Modern Man not only can't win, he is also denied a dignified loss. If you like women, you're a sexist; if you don't care either way, you're a misogynist. If you enjoy sex, you're a degrader of "wimmin"; if you're not fussed, you're a misogynist. If you treat a lesbian like a mate, you're patronising; if you open the car door for one, you're a misogynist. If you have a lesbian friend, it's tokenism; if you don't, you're a misogynist. If you're happy, you

oppress women; if you're unhappy, there's a 90-percent chance that it's because you're a misogynist. Angry Dykes want to be treated like men, then forget to have fun.

ANGRY FEMINIST: Marlon Brando never saw battle. He drew on his experience with the Angry Feminist when he uttered the disturbingly real words: "The horror; the horror." Yes, Marlon *knows* about these things, and so does the Modern Man. The normal feminist is alright because she's usually getting on with her life and putting theory into practice. Not so the Angry Feminist. She gave-up on happiness the day she realised it was easier to blame men for everything from hospital waiting lists to PMT. The next thing you know there's an embargo on every second CD at a party because it has been deemed "politically incorrect." Suddenly you can't buy classic pieces of literature such as *The Life And Loves Of Frank Harris* at the book shop because some Angry Feminist doesn't like it. Or you go to the pool to swim a quick 50 only to be told that men are

not allowed in this "public" swimming pool because a small but vocal bunch of females don't like their own bodies. Ugly stuff. Angry Feminists live by the rule "no fun allowed" and elevate the simple persecution complex to a crazy art form.

ANGRY SNAG: The sensitive new age guy with something to prove is as far removed from the Modern Man as a mule is from Phar Lap. Angry Snags hobble

"The Nineties have become the new nirvana for hypocrites and whingers."

themselves with feminist anger while the Modern Man likes the feel of wind in his hair. When the Modern Man goes to golf or the footy, the Snag opts out so he can "discuss certain issues" with the girls. This is why more women than ever are taking up golf and going to the footy. The Angry Snag is the bloke who tells the Modern Man not to "be so sexist", but only when he has a female audience. The Angry Snag is into sharing and caring — but only when he's getting all the attention. He thinks the pursuit of sex is sexist, unless he's doing the chasing.

So what's a Modern bloke to do except keep a smile on his face and a beer in his hand while the Angry People bombard him with shame and guilt?

There'll always be havens where you can escape the tyranny of those who insist that you think like them. Because footy games and golf courses are all about fun, and that's the last place you'll find the Angry People.— *Mark Abernethy*



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ON ALL FOURS

Bending over backwards to master off-road driving

Australia is 4WD hog heaven. Whether you sell 'em or drive 'em, the land downunder is good news. With just over 30 percent of the nation's road network covered by blacktop, the 4WD is often the only means of getting from A to B without resorting to a helicopter. Consequently, utility services, police forces, government departments and primary industry buy them by the fleet. Motorcycles are too dangerous and sports cars too impractical, but in an accessory-laden 4WD, a man can ride tall, which is why vehicle names include Jackaroo, Maverick and Patrol.

Australia has become a favourite testing ground for the major Japanese 4WD manufacturers. If it doesn't break in the heat, dust and ruggedness of the outback, a new model will probably survive anywhere in the world. The extreme isolation also means prying telephoto lenses are less likely to scoop still-secret projects. Australia is also the location of one of the most gruelling 4WD rallies, and off-road racing is an active — if little publicised — element of local motorsport.

However, of all the support industries which have grown up

"Basically, four-wheel driving needs a careful and considered approach..."

around Australia's voracious appetite for 4WD vehicles, one has been largely neglected — driver training. Contrary to the belief of many urban 4WD owners, tackling the rough stuff isn't just a case of keeping going after the road runs out. Indeed, such ignorance has led to tragic consequences as overzealous but under-prepared off-



roaders have met with a sticky end.

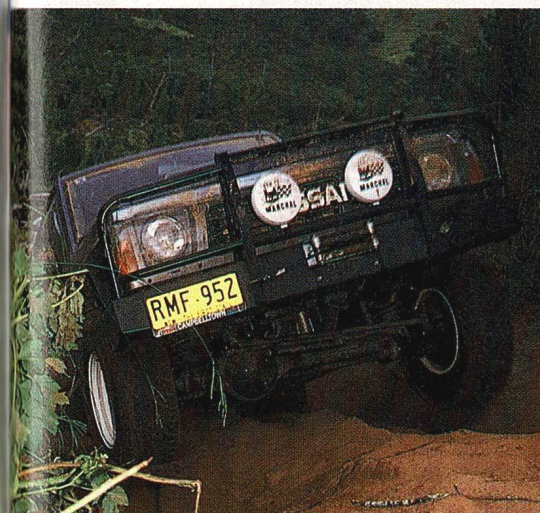
"We don't try to alarm people, but the fact remains that knowing how to properly handle a 4WD can make the difference between progress and, well, a potentially serious situation," says Chris Mullet, who runs the 4WD Off Road Driver Training courses. Based in Moss Vale, south of Sydney, Mullet and colleague Richard Dawes spend most weekends of the year coaching both private 4WD owners and drivers who must travel off-road as part of their jobs. The latter organisations include the CSIRO, the Department of Education (for country teachers) and the Water Board, plus vehicle and equipment manufacturers such as Daihatsu, Mazda and Dunlop.

Such is the growing demand, Chris and Richard are occupied running either one-day introductory courses, or two-day 4WD-and-camping safaris for the more proficient. The courses are modelled on those conducted by Land Rover in England and Nissan in Japan. Chris is a veteran of the infamous Camel Safari (a crazy annually run test of man and Land Rover in some impossible locations) and spends any spare time off-road-testing new 4WDs for motoring magazines.

He quickly dispels the notion that 4WDs are a man's game by stating that women now account for 40 percent of the drivers on his courses, primarily because more 4WDs are being adopted as the family vehicle while the smaller models are increasingly popular with single women. Chris encourages partners and families to take part in the courses as most off-road driving will be done together anyway and it pays to have more than one person along who knows what to do in an emergency.

A typical one-day training session begins with a queue of around a dozen 4WDs assembled for introductions outside Mittagong's tourist office. From here the convoy heads for the River Island Nature Retreat on the picturesque Wollondilly River.

Instruction is on a closed course, and each vehicle takes turns to complete the various stages with Chris and Richard positioned at strategic points to give individual tuition. The first session is devoted to steep descents and ascents, introducing the novice 4WDer to the mysteries of low-low range gearing, key-starts and the strict "no-brakes" rule. Touch the brakes on a slippery downhill slope and the wheels lock.



Rather than slowing the descent, the vehicle speeds up alarmingly, and there's virtually no way of regaining control.

"It's often a case of undoing the driving habits of a lifetime," notes Chris dryly. "The course layout is designed so it's difficult to have an accident, but the penalty for making mistakes can be graphically illustrated so drivers clearly understand why things need to be done in a certain way. Basically,

four-wheel driving needs a careful and considered approach and most road drivers aren't used to this."

Incidentally, engine braking should be the sole means of controlling a vehicle's descent down a steep slope. Hence the need for the lowest possible gearing. If this isn't low enough — surprisingly the case on many recreational 4WDs — then the handbrake should be applied (it acts on the drivetrain, not the wheels). But the pedals — footbrake, clutch and accelerator — must never be used. This goes against most driving instincts, but the lesson is quickly learned (telltale brake lights earn a quick reprimand from either Chris or Richard).

Lunch is accompanied by instruction on 4WD accessories, first aid and some basic bushcraft. Vehicular "pot-holing" follows which illustrates the importance of good suspension-travel and results in some spectacular sights. Inevitably somebody gets stuck, providing the ideal opportunity to demonstrate winching and recovery techniques. The biggest challenge of the

afternoon session is the water-crossing, which varies in difficulty according to the amount of recent rainfall (or the size of the vehicle). Detailed instruction generally avoids any difficulties, but there's usually a few spectacular moments as drivers push on.

Soft sand and rocky terrain are also tackled before the class is let loose on a specially prepared circuit which puts into practice all the lessons of the day. By this stage the enthusiasm level is sufficiently high, most vehicles stay on the course until darkness falls. The enthusiasm is apparently maintained long-term too, because Chris reports around 40 percent of his first-time students return to tackle the two-day course, which is designed to show how a 4WD can be used to access some truly spectacular scenery.

Chris stresses this is ultimately the emphasis of his courses and those with more gung-ho aspirations should graduate to a 4WD club.

"The aim is to build confidence by introducing 4WD owners to the principles of off-road driving, while also familiarising them with the capabilities of their vehicles. In reality, the idea is to find a way around most of the obstacles encountered in the bush, but if there's no option then making any progress depends on knowing what to do."

While the 4WD Off-Road Driver Training course is both challenging and testing, the day *Penthouse* took part the only casualty was a punctured tyre, speared by a snapped branch. The customers, however, were anything but deflated.

Niran Peiris and his wife Daniela have had their Mitsubishi Pajero wagon for two years, but in that time it has rarely left the road, so they felt it was time to get the tyres seriously dirty.

"What I've found out on this course is that there's a lot I didn't know about driving off-road. I'd rather make those discoveries here than a thousand kilometres from anywhere." — Paul Burrows

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F O O D

FRONT

BLENDING IN

A guide to hybrid wines

There's an old airline industry gag that runs, "How can you identify a pilot at a party?" Don't worry, he'll soon tell you." The same rationale applies to winemakers and their wines. The eighth wonder of the world, however, remains the Australian winemakers who can bring themselves to wax on about the *blended* wines their company makes.

There was a time when Australian winemakers trumpeted about their blending style and techniques. But over the years a varietal cringe has slowly crept in and winemakers are becoming increasingly reticent.

Let's start with blended whites. Only a few specialists pursue the ideal of a prestige blended white. Consequently, the winemaker's inverted snobbery has produced a stack of low-priced, very high-quality blended whites.

One of the best releases last year was McWilliam's semillon chardonnay 1989. The fruit was picked over a range of days to provide differing degrees of ripeness; some of the wines were matured in oak and some weren't. The result was a generous wine with a soft but definite oak overtone that soothed the hip pocket as much as the palate.

"Red blends have never acquired the aura of white blends..."

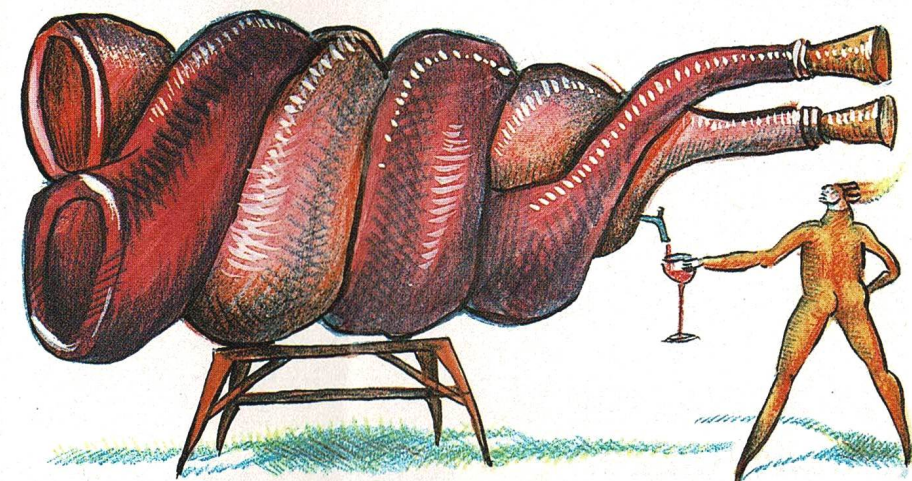
Out west, Houghton's 1989 chablis is a five-star wine at only nine dollars. A big chablis style, this wine is chock-full of lemon and butter, and finished off with toast and honey. And just because you grew up on Houghton's White burgundy, there's no need to think you're beyond its appeal. The 1991 version

displays everything — passionfruit, peach, floral and grassy overtones and persistent charred oak. It's a giveaway at nine dollars. This might be a good juncture to point out that, in general, white burgundy is oaked but chablis is not.

Another one of my favourites is Tyrrell's Old Winery semillon/sauvignon blanc 1990. A persistent finish is preceded by the green, herby fruit and the price is right at ten dollars. A tad more upscale (\$13) is Cape Mentelle semillon/sauvignon blanc 1991, a great combination of melon, corn and green fruit that finishes

The year 1990 was a landmark for the cabernet-merlot blends. It was the year that the pairing started to out-number other red blends, particularly in cool climate areas. The next year saw this movement continue, and most wine pundits now believe that merlot will be the first of the "second fiddle" red varieties to emerge from the shadow of cabernet sauvignon.

Some of the best red blends currently available are: Mildara Alexanders 1988, which shows a resounding return to the highest quality; Wolf Blass Black Label 1986, for an absolute taste



delicately on the palate. Brokenwood sauvignon blanc/semillon 1991 presents a classic blend of McLaren Vale sauvignon blanc and Hunter semillon. A great white burgundy style with a crisp finish (\$11.99).

Red blends have never acquired the bargain basement aura of white blends.

Throughout the Eighties, cabernet sauvignon plantings increased and the resulting grapes were partnered with malbec, cabernet franc, merlot and shiraz — one, two, three at a time. Throughout the decade of greed, leading winemakers threw up such gems as Lindemans Pyrus, Mildara Alexanders and Penfold's John Riddoch.

sensation; and Lindemans Limestone Ridge shiraz cabernet sauvignon 1988. Clancy's Gold Preference 1988 from Peter Lehmann ran away with the 1991 Penguin Good Australian Wine of the Year Award, and represents good value for money.

If you want to jump on the Nineties bandwagon of the cabernet sauvignon/merlot trend, the following should be high on your buy list: St Hubert's cabernet merlot 1990 and Tyrrell's Old Winery cabernet merlot 1990. But my top guernsey for this blend must go to Wyndham Estate Bin 888 cabernet merlot 1988. Totally atypical to the Hunter, it is herby, clean and elegant, with long-term cellaring potential. — Elisabeth King

REVING UP A STORM

Born to be wild on the weekend

There is a side to motorcycling which has gone largely unacknowledged by those who are generally fascinated by wheeled and powered transport. It is the pursuit of motorcycling as a sport. By this I don't mean track-racing, which requires a lot of time, money and organisation, but a weekend activity pursued in the same way as, say, hang-gliding, parachute jumping, rock-climbing or white-water canoeing.

Sports-motorcycling as a weekend pastime has the same sources of attraction. There is the same inherent challenge and excitement in attacking a tight, twisting mountain road on two wheels as there is in catching and controlling wind currents on a hang-glider, and the same demands on skill, practice and training to extract maximum pleasure from it.

The idea of keeping a motorcycle to ride on weekends for pure sporting pleasure is not a new one. But it wasn't until manufacturers started making purpose-built models that the

"You can project a solid-citizen appearance to passers by..."

activity was able to reach full expression — and gain much greater popularity as a result.

Suzuki is credited with first creating a pure sports production motorcycle when they brought out the GSXR750F model in 1985. The history of this particular motorcycle up to its present incarnation as the GSXR750WN, provides a good insight into what sports motorcycling is all about.

The GSXR's sales statistics underline both the popularity of the pure sports design and its recreational focus; over 98,000 have been sold world-wide since

its introduction and between 75 percent and 85 percent of buyers also own cars or rely on means other than their motorcycle to commute to and from work.

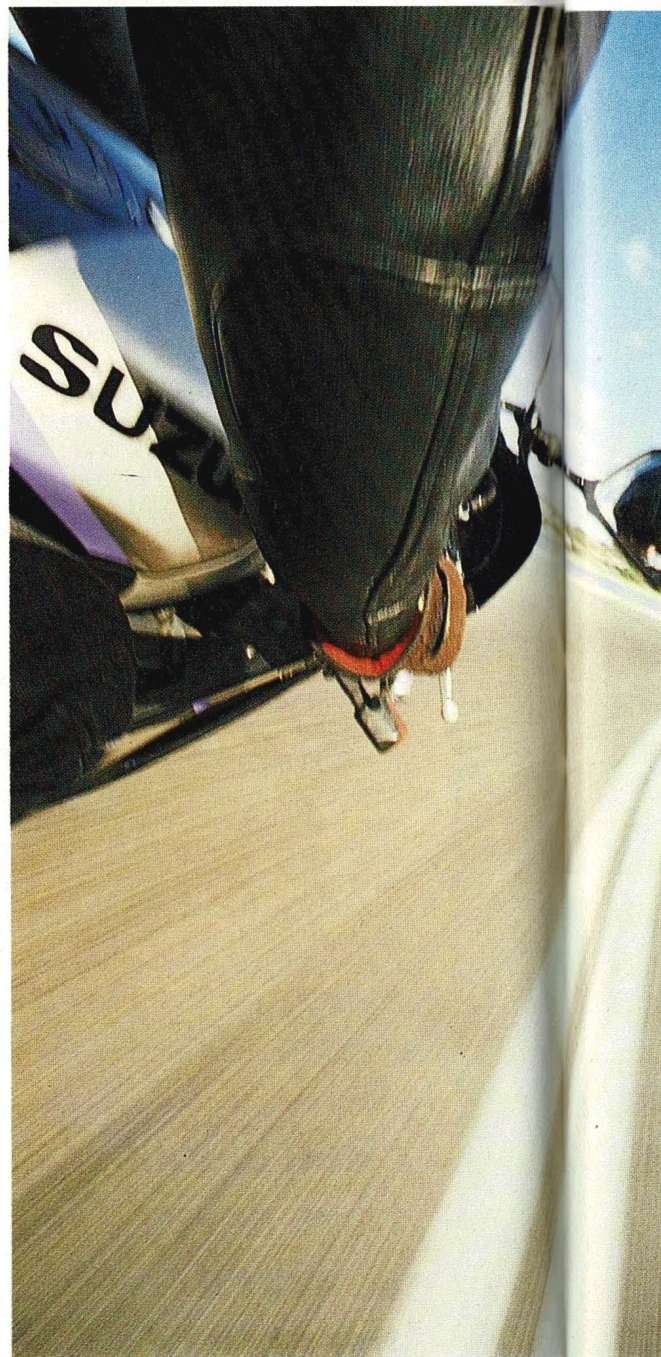
The starting point for the machine's design is the engine configuration. Four cylinders mounted across the frame with a capacity of 750cc allow trade-offs to be made between power, weight and size to produce a machine which is both very quick and very agile.

There are bikes with larger capacity engines which produce more brute force, but their engine size often limits ground clearance, requires a longer wheelbase and adds weight. These factors make it more difficult to change direction quickly and limit the rider's ability to cut through successive corners with speed and precision. This is why the 750cc, four-cylinder engine is the most popular configuration for four-stroke racebikes.

The racing machines for any style of transport are the uncompromising thoroughbreds of their kind, and pure sports motorcycles come closer to their racing counterparts than any other class of vehicle. The GSXR750 has always been Suzuki's production racer, and the street model has developed in step with its racing brothers. Each time an improvement is made to the racing model it is available simultaneously for street riders.

In the evolution of the GSXR750, these improvements have included race-bred changes to its aluminium frame to make it more rigid for better handling, redesign of the fairing to improve aerodynamics, and "male-slider" front forks to increase rigidity and lower unsprung weight on the front wheel.

The GSXR's engine began as an air and oil-cooled unit producing 74.6kW at 10,500rpm and has been progressively updated. The current model's water and oil-cooled engine is completely new and produces 89.5kW at 11,500rpm. To put this power output into perspective, it translates



into 430kW per tonne, which compares with 214kW per tonne for the new Ferrari 512TR sports car.

But these are dry technical specifications which don't take on their real meaning until you mount the bike. It is docile and well-balanced at around-town speeds, and passably comfortable given that the riding position is set up for fast cornering. By keeping the revs



below 5000rpm, you can project a more or less solid-citizen Dr Jekyll appearance to passers by.

Mr Hyde, on the other hand, lives in the upper reaches of the tachometer, and when you arrive at

your favourite deserted stretch of road, a quick twist of the throttle brings about a transformation that has to be experienced to be believed. Top speed is not the objective, but the ability to gain

speed quickly is. A pure sports motorcycle like the GSXR will accelerate at full tilt faster than your rational mind can cope with.

As you approach a corner, its triple disc brakes will respond to precise touch to make the correct entry speed, and its race-bred chassis will allow you to cut through the corner at any speed and lean-angle you feel brave enough to attempt. Diving in and out of the bends on a familiar winding roadway, until you overdose on the adrenalin rush and back off, is what it's all about. This can be practiced time and time again to hone your skill against the performance limits of the machine.

And after each brace of turns you look forward to the next demanding run the same way a surfer anticipates the next big wave or a hang-glider pilot the next leap off the cliff-face. — Onno van Ewyk

Photographs by Hoagy van Ewyk

THE FUTURE AND ITS WORK

It's time to get tooled up for the fight ahead

My optimism for the economic future is beginning to curdle. In 1990, Australian investment in machine tools per head was one-sixth that of Great Britain, one-seventh of South Korea and Taiwan, one-tenth of Japan and one-twentieth of Germany.

Investment in machine tools is a sign of technological advance and, if we are to be fair dinkum about manufacturing goods in Australia instead of just importing them, we at least need a few computerised lathes.

Of course, such sophisticated machinery does tend to replace large numbers of workers, so our one million unemployed must have grave doubts whether to deride or applaud our low rates of technical innovation. In what I reckon will be largely a vain effort to become internationally competitive, factories will become more mechanised and less employers of human beings. But the rate at which this happens will not be nearly as fast as it is

happening in the Tiger economies of Asia, Europe and America. While we are busy eliminating jobs in manufacturing, we'll still only be producing comparatively ordinary cars and washing machines that no overseas country would wish to buy. Labour is but one important input to the capitalist process. While it may be reduced to insignificant levels as a cost because nobody actually employs anyone anymore, the cost of capital will become increasingly important. Australia does have a serious cost disadvantage here: our interest rates are so bloody high. With local rates at their lowest for 20 years, they're still half a percentage point worse than the US long-term bond rate, and two full points worse than in Japan. That means an Australian businessman has to have a better return on his investment than businessmen in Japan or the US just to keep his bank happy, let alone make a profit.

The problem gets worse the higher the capital requirements of the industry. Take \$100,000 borrowed to invest in a computerised welder. In Australia the borrower must pay ten percent interest; his competitor in Japan need only pay 7.5 percent. The Aussie therefore, needs to generate \$10,000 out of the tool just to pay his bank, the Jap only \$7500. That means, our bloke has to be 33 percent more efficient just to cover costs: an impossible ask.

Sure, our power costs and our raw materials are cheaper, but these are becoming mere drops in the bucket of total costs.

We can lower our cost of

capital by building a huge pool of savings. But Australians have become spenders not savers, and we're unlikely to change if the banks can only offer us tiny rates of interest for our savings. So if the banks have to bid up for our savings, then they're not able to lower the rates at which they lend the money to business: a classic vicious circle.

This jeremiad could go on but it's just too depressing. I can only

**"I can only
foresee a
further decline
in our standard
of living. . ."**

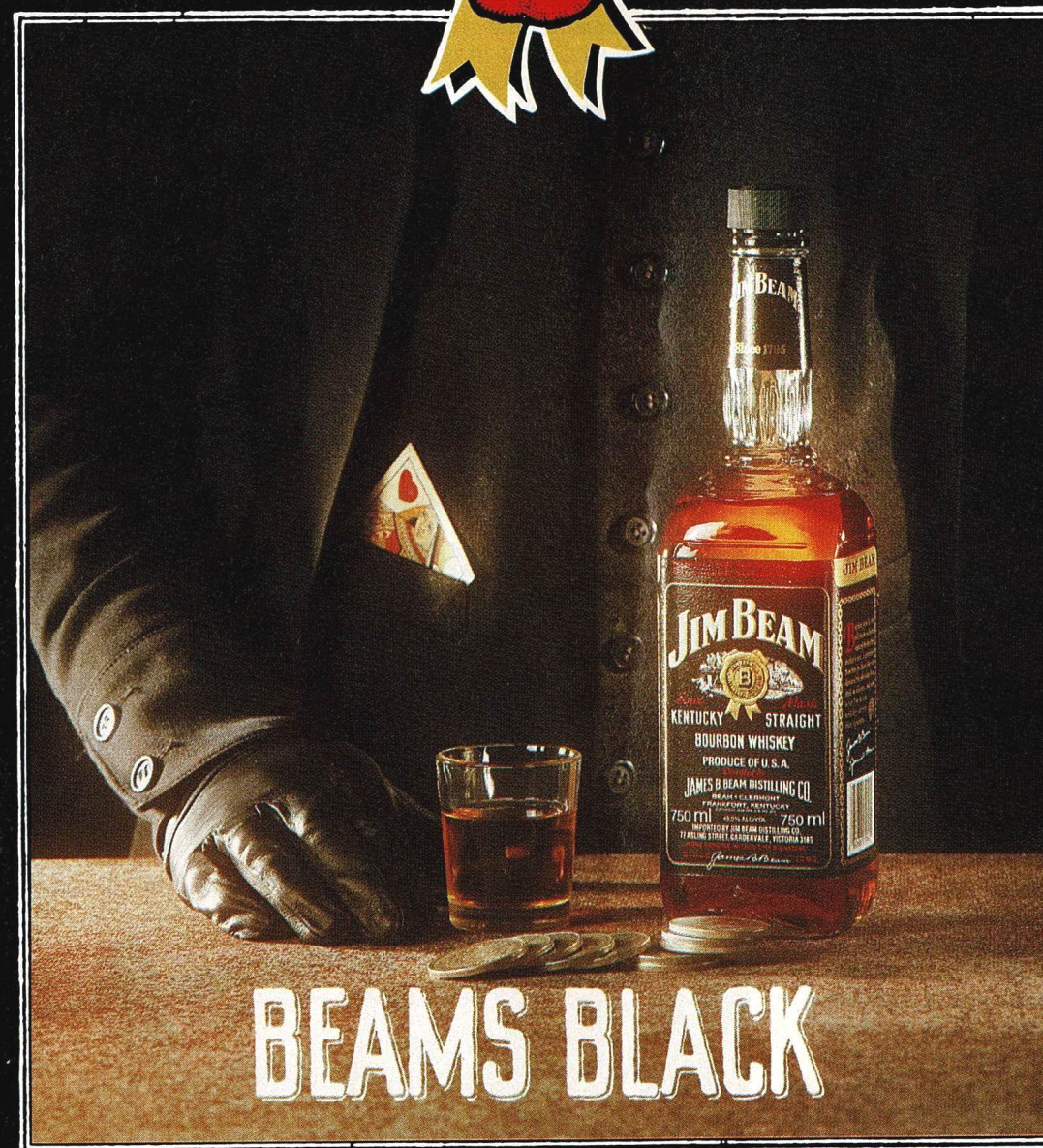
foresee a further decline in our standard of living (as determined by conventional economic measures) and a continuation of our present position as a vaguely tolerated hitch-hiker on board the international economy.

However, our one plus is quite a big one — one that is more significant as Europe tears itself up into ever smaller scraps of paper: that is, our one-island, one-nation geographic reality. We don't have tiny mountain fastnesses the size of the Municipality of Richmond demanding independence and being nuclear-armed as well; and we don't have a massive underclass of left-behinds being stirred up by religious fanatics who promise heaven on earth if only we kill the evil ones.

As I hinted above, there may be more to life than GDP and rates of return on investment. And, possibly we may even be able to compete — labour-intensive though we may be — when the rest of the world descends into an orgy of blood-letting and anarchy. It's not the best solution, but it could be the real one. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Roger Griffin

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NO LAUGHING MATTER

Volvo have finally got the joke

The arrival of the new 850 GLT is a signal for the Volvo jokes to stop.

Alan Jones, ever the thoughtful New Age Guy, bought a Volvo for his wife Beverley in 1980, the year he won the world championship. He felt obliged to justify the purchase. "She's not a very good driver and the Volvo is built like a tank," he declared. "All it needs is a gun on the roof."

Twelve years on, Bev is still with him. The Volvo isn't. Maybe her driving has improved.

The Jones anecdote exemplifies the love-hate relationship Australians have had with Volvo since it came to this country in the early 1960s.

An unrelenting flow of disparaging one-liners has accompanied the safety-first sales success enjoyed here by Volvo for all but the last few years of their three decades in this market.

You've heard most of the put-downs. Volvos are bought by people who know nothing about cars, and even less about driving them. Volvos are wonderful cars in which to have a crash. The Volvo designer needs two tools — a pencil and a ruler. Here's a quick quiz. Who is the chief stylist at Volvo? No-one. How do you impress your neighbours? Sell a Volvo. One of the biggest-selling bumper stickers in the nation is the proud proclamation: Volvo-aware driver.

Bertil Anderson, the former chief of Volvo Australia, rarely needed an excuse to tear into, "those ridiculous polemics concerning Volvo drivers. My fervent belief is that Volvo owners are no better or worse than others," roared Anderson. "A person who wants safety also behaves in a safe way."

What is conclusive, however, is that Volvo with less than half a percent of the local car market, enjoys a higher profile than many more popular competitors.

Obviously, not that all of the publicity has been kind, and Volvo's negative or unflattering images have taken a toll.

Until the end of the Eighties,

Volvo was consistently the leading European luxury marque on the Australian market, ahead of BMW and Mercedes Benz.

This is no longer the case. Volvo has struggled in recent times, for a welter of reasons. Among the urbanites, who buy most Volvos, the marque has slipped from fashionable to anti-chic in just a few years. The Germans, with newer and more inspiring products, and a sound active and passive safety thrust, have leapt ahead of the struggling Swede.

Constantly having the piss taken can't have helped. Also, questions have been asked of Volvo's pedantically unattractive breadbox styling, of its one-dimensional marketing approach and of its premium pricing here.

Undoubtedly it has also lost some of the safety territory it once held. Safety is selling again in the car business, and many other marques have focussed on the burning issue, taking the concept further than Volvo while managing to maintain a sense of style and a modicum of excitement.



Volvo's sincere-enough safety message, received loud and clear through the Seventies and Eighties, is now vying for attention amidst a chorus of similar themes. Benz, BMW and Saab regularly crow about their crash research, as does Volvo. The Japanese and



Americans, slower than the Europeans to jump aboard the safety wagon, are now claiming their cars are just as secure in crash situations, and more likely to avoid crashes in the first place. Volvo's myopic emphasis on passive safety while, until the arrival of the new 850 GLT, apparently remaining oblivious to a need to improve active safety, has had its

critics baying. While giving their occupants every chance of survival in a crash, with features such as air bags and side impact protection, Volvo cars have not been too hot at steering or braking their way out of trouble. The desperately old-fashioned 240 and aged 940/960 models feel very clumsy on the road and react poorly to driver input. In the case of the boxy 240, this is no surprise. Launched here in 1975, it's essentially a revamp of the 144 model, introduced back in 1967. Volvo might argue that a market, albeit a contracting one, still exists out there for the 2-series model. We won't question the sanity and taste of recent 2-series purchasers who've opted for this automotive antiquity over any number of alternatives.

Volvo has regularly defended its lengthy model cycles. "The fact that a 1992 Volvo looks like a 1982 Volvo is reassuring for those buyers who keep their cars for some years," was one response. But this is not fodder for those who like their cars to make a fashion statement. Or those who simply don't wish to drive unattractive vehicles.

Conservatism hasn't always been all-pervading at Volvo. Remember when Simon Templar drove a P1800 and the

world admired his taste? Here in Australia, there have been sporadic attempts to broaden the appeal of the Volvo products through rallying and racing.

Volvo can be proud of the durability and longevity of its passenger cars. Of the more than 100,000 of its cars now on Australian roads, about 95 percent, Volvo claims, are still registered.

According to the Swedish Testing Institute, Volvos have a life expectancy of 20.7 years, a little higher than Mercedes Benz (19.6 years) and much higher than BMW (15.5 years). I was exposed to the Volvo toughness during the 1979 Repco Round Australia Trial's 15,000km of bad road. Our 244 model survived all manner of abuse to finish first in its class. And it

"The marque has slipped from fashionable to anti-chic in just a few years."

was only six years ago that a free-talking Kiwi named Robbie Francevic drove through the jokes and rival cars to win the Australian Touring Car Championships in a 240 Turbo.

Volvo's fortunes on international markets have slumped lately. Largely reliant on exports, it saw the global recession and buyer indifference to its ageing technology carve into its sales and profits.

An alliance with France's state-owned Renault is seen as a positive move for Volvo, giving it greater purchasing clout, a commonality of vehicle bits and access to expensive modern technology that may otherwise have remained out of reach.

Now for the really good news: the 850 GLT, the first all-new Volvo model out of Sweden in almost ten years, is in Australia. Not only that, the specification of the 850 GLT is, gee, inspiring. UnVolvo-like, in fact.

Credit for the change of philosophy rests with a small group of Volvo radicals who fronted the top brass saying the company was

Continued on page 128

Described as the "ultimate autofocus SLR" in the publicity blurb (for once, no idle boast), Minolta's Dynax 9xi is photography's equivalent of an Uzi submachine gun. It's high-powered, deadly accurate and shoots to thrill. Highly sophisticated software ensures nothing escapes the 9xi's auto focusing and exposure control systems while its other weapons include a 1/12,000 second shutter (the fastest ever) and a motorised film advance at up to 4.5 frames per second. Plug-in expander modules add yet more features including exposure bracketing and spot metering. Expect to pay around \$2500 for the body only. Available lenses range from 16mm to 600mm.



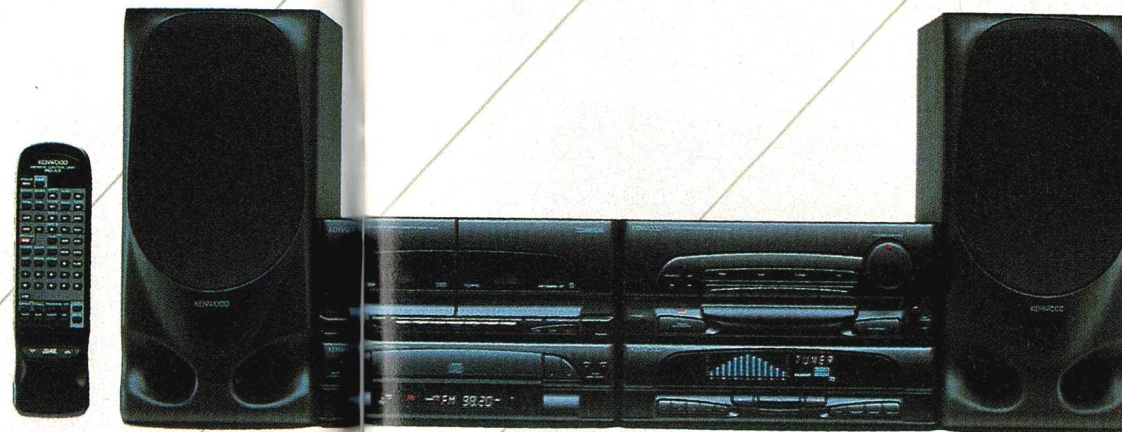
Exceptional low-light sensitivity allows Panasonic's NV-MS4 Super VHS camcorder to record dark deeds with ease. Just one step down from a professional TV camera, the MS4 is equipped for heavy-duty video making starting with a 12X zoom which can be electronically magnified to 100X. Hi-fi stereo sound compliments the high-quality Super VHS pictures while the feature list includes programmed exposure control, a 1/8000 second shutter, digital special FX, a zoom microphone and a host of editing facilities. Panasonic Australia wants \$3199 for one.



The latest screen star from Hitachi is the 69cm CPT-2959 complete with built-in stereo loudspeakers and a subwoofer for extra bass. The big Hitachi's flat square screen is good for 700 lines resolution (that's very good) and the set itself handles both PAL and NTSC system signals. This means it's compatible with a multi-standard video deck or laserdisc player. For ease of operation, the CPT-2959 has on-screen displays and up to three picture and sound settings can be memorised to suit personal preferences. Other useful features include a wake-up/sleep timer, full function remote control and auto tuning. More details from Hitachi Sales Australia.



Kenwood has set out to prove good things come in small boxes and has packed plenty of audio goodies into its UD-300 mini hi-fi system. Compact enough to occupy a book shelf, the system still features 25 watts per channel power, a seven-band graphic equaliser, AM/FM stereo tuner, double cassette deck and a CD player... plus two-way speakers, ported to give lots of deep bass. The UD-300 can be used as a karaoke machine and is fully remote controlled. The dual decks allow high-speed copying of tapes, and recordings from CDs are synchronised to avoid chopping tracks. It's all yours for \$1299.



Not so very long ago, a video system with all the Canon UC1's features would have demanded Hulk Hogan's lifting ability. Now it's all packed into a unit that weighs less than 700 grams and is nearly pocket size. Despite its toy-like dimensions the UC1 sports a 10X zoom, Hi8 format pictures (translation: very sharp), hi-fi stereo sound, built-in titling, a 1/10,000 second shutter and a gain-up facility for low-light shooting. Focusing, exposure and white balance are controlled digitally which means the compact Canon is pretty much idiot-proof in any situation. The price tag on this mini movie-maker reads: "\$2800."



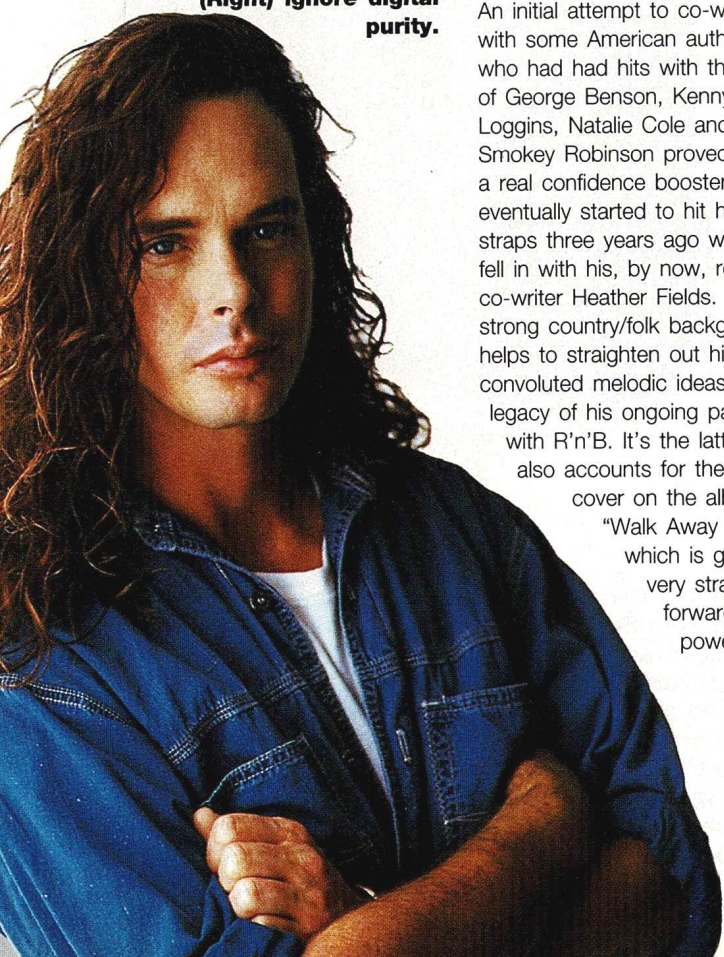
What's better than four-play? Five-play obviously, and Technics offers this delight with its SL-PD346 multi-disc player. A drawer system accommodates up to five CDs which can be played in any desired order to give around six hours of non-stop music. There's also a choice of full-disc or single-track repeat modes. One-bit MASH circuitry ensures crisply accurate digital-to-analog signal reproduction. The SL-PD346 is Midi-sized which means it fits into a compact hi-fi system. Around \$350 buys one from any good Technics stockist.

THE RIGHT PRICE

After 20 years, Rick Price's career is moving forward

An Australian government-sponsored promotion that took a brace of largely unknown acts to Los Angeles for showcase performances saw **Rick Price** and band take to the stage on a Sunday and Monday night barely a week after the riots that decimated parts of that city. As a result, the small audience had a fairly hand-picked feel about it, consisting mainly of record company people and a few diehard punters. Nevertheless the response to the native Queenslander was more than favourable. On the strength of his debut *Heaven Knows* (Sony) and some hopefully more fortunate timing there's every chance his radio-friendly songs will endear him to a much larger audience in the States when he

Rick Price (Below) hitting his straps, while the Black Crowes (Right) ignore digital purity.



finally gets a release there next year. Meanwhile, he's already tasting positive reaction locally to the fruits of his four-year venture to re-invent himself as a singer/songwriter. "As a musician and singer I feel like a senior citizen but I feel like a kid as a writer." He's been singing for 20 years but is hardly wheelchair material, he just started when he first hit his teens, pumping it out at country dances with his family. His early favourites included Creedence, Stevie Wonder and James Taylor, while his guitarist brother cranked out Hendrix riffs as well as more traditional country dance fare. This eclectic training probably put him in very good stead for the Sydney session scene, where he made a huge name for himself in the last decade gracing more jingles and songs than he would care to remember. He eventually took stock of his busy, well-paid schedule and decided this was not what he got into music for. An initial attempt to co-write with some American authors who had had hits with the likes of George Benson, Kenny Loggins, Natalie Cole and Smokey Robinson proved to be a real confidence booster. He eventually started to hit his straps three years ago when he fell in with his, by now, regular co-writer Heather Fields. Her strong country/folk background helps to straighten out his more convoluted melodic ideas — a legacy of his ongoing passion with R'n'B. It's the latter that also accounts for the only cover on the album "Walk Away Renee" which is given a very straight forward powerful



treatment (heavy on the guitars, drums and vocals) — a style that dominates most of the set.

He took a year off other projects and decided to record whatever he came up with. He's a great believer in a song having to work with minimal

"As a musician I feel like a senior citizen..."

backing and to that end writes with just a guitar, not bothering with machines as he finds them too distracting. An off-shoot of this creative period is a track he wrote for dance-act Girlfriend which he is understandably happy to have written but claims he couldn't face having to go out on the road performing that style of tune. He has a second string of more acoustic numbers that are on the back boiler for a disc somewhere down the track, but in a sense he's lucky his current set of tunes are what flowed naturally first up.

Price found himself in a Hollywood rehearsal studio for a week with some of the top LA session players learning his songs as a band. A strong band feel is highlighted by touches like the big crunchy end to "A House Divided" where the tasteful "radio fade" is avoided at all costs.

An even more live and looser band feel is achieved by the **Black Crowes** on the *Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* (Phonogram). They reclaim the essential Americana of blues-based rock and roll with gospel harmonies from British bands of the past like Humble Pie, the Faces and the Rolling Stones. They also give the middle finger accolade to concerns about digital purity in recording going instead for the warm comforting hum of older analogue gear and takes redolent with live clicks, buzzes, drink orders and feel. Chris Robinson attacks the vocals like his throat knows no tomorrow—reminiscent of Rod Stewart in his prime but without the same sense of drunken frivolity. This matches brother Rich's often fuzzy overdriven guitar as they preach their own gospel of freewheeling southern funk and heavy riffing thump, all sweetened with a soulful wail.—
Jeremy Cook

IT'S HELL TRYING TO FIND A SEAT AT A GOOD CONCERT.



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FROTH AND BUBBLE

Eddie pays homage to Eddie

In the tradition of fine black American stand-up comedians whose ever-enlarging salaries and egos are inversely proportionate to their increasingly ordinary films, comes Eddie Murphy and his salute to himself, **Boomerang**.

Starring the man, produced by the man, with a screenplay based on a story devised by the man... When box office reckoning day arrives for this lightweight celluloid smoothie, the arse that's first in line for the kickin' has gotta be Eddie's taut little black one.

Murphy plays a devastatingly successful cosmetics marketing exec and *ladies' man par excellence*, Marcus Graham. Beautiful girls trip over themselves to be porked by our star in his elegant zillion dollar apartment. But once porked, the party's over because Marcus just doesn't respect his conquests in the morning.

It ain't half obvious that this boudoir bandit is riding for a fall, and when the company is taken over, his undoing comes in the form of new marketing executive Jacqueline (Robin Givens). Showing every bit as much toughness as in her real-life role as Mike Tyson's sparring partner, the gorgeous Jacqueline at first toys with her quarry until he falls in love with her, then fucks him and forgets him. Left pining and whining, our hero learns how all those poor darlings must have felt after he's had his wicked way with them. (What goes around, comes around, as they say, and hence the incongruous "boomerang" reference.)

Along with Givens, *Boomerang* features Eartha Kitt and Grace Jones as "name" drawcards. Both play high comedy self-satirising roles, and both manage to leave the viewer with an uncomfortable feeling of embarrassment.

No expense has been spared on the styling of the film, leaving it with the look of a



spread in an Afro-American fashion magazine — and unfortunately with about as much substance.**

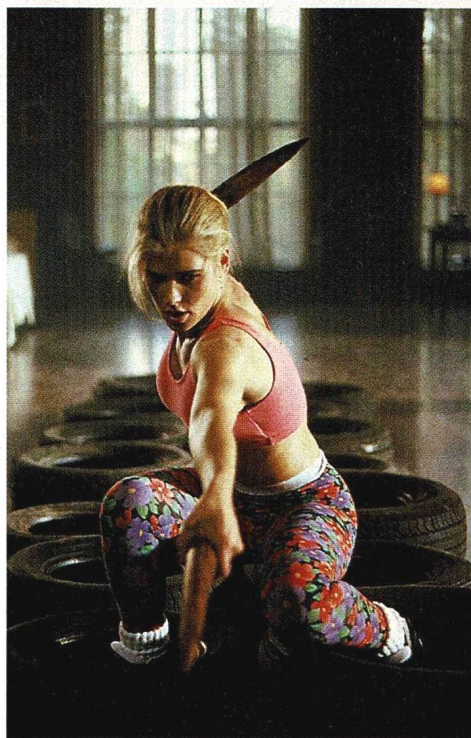
Starring Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh, **Single White Female** is a passable thriller with the general women's audience appeal of two strong characters locked in a very female psychological battle.

An elegant, if a trifle slow, opening quarter of the film sets us up for what might be a gently paced, arty work with lesbian undercurrents. This tone, however, makes way for more your standard Hollywood thriller mode with the requisite and well-telegraphed tense moments, and that comfy knowledge that all the baddies are gonna get what's coming to 'em.

The plot sees attractive but unassertive Allison (Fonda) breaking up with her unfaithful fiancé, left alone in her large apartment, and friendless in New York. For a flatmate, she impulsively settles on the insecure and plain Hedra (Leigh), who reveals early on that she was born a twin, but her identical sister had been stillborn. Close and reliant friendship quickly develops between the two, with much hugging, borrowing of clothes and sisterly behaviour. When Hedra begins taking on her

flatmate's style and physical characteristics, Allison is flattered and encouraging. Trouble erupts when fiancé Sam (Steven Weber) reappears on the scene, busting up the twosome and provoking Hedra's jealousy. And that, as they say, is where the show *really* begins...

Directed by Barbet Schroeder (*Reversal Of Fortune*), with competent performances, the most interesting by the chameleon-like Jennifer Jason Leigh, *Single White Female* is



Left: Kristy Swanson is Buffy in Buffy the Vampire Killer. Top: Eddie Murphy is the smooth talking Lothario in Boomerang, the movie he wrote, produced and stars in.

diverting — if not ripsnorting — entertainment.***

That sometime movie flavour of the eighties, the California Valley Girl ("Ewww, gag me with a spoon!"), rides again in the teen title with cult aspirations **Buffy The Vampire Killer**.

Buffy (Kristy Swanson) is a popular high school cheerleader whose ambitions are to graduate, go to Europe, marry Christian Slater and die, until she discovers to her horror that she was born to save her generation from vampires. Reluctantly forgoing her shopping addiction to undergo vampire slaying training with the mysterious Merrick (Donald Sutherland), Buffy embarks on an adventure that sees her karate chopping bloodsuckers, learning the necessary life lessons of American teen films and getting a sensitive hunk into the bargain ("Ewww, Luke Perry, the toasty hunk from *Beverly Hills 90210!*")

All lighthearted fun, with Rutger Hauer thrown in as the evil vampire Lothos.***1/2 — C.J.Mackay

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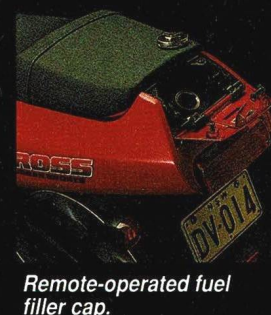
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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask.

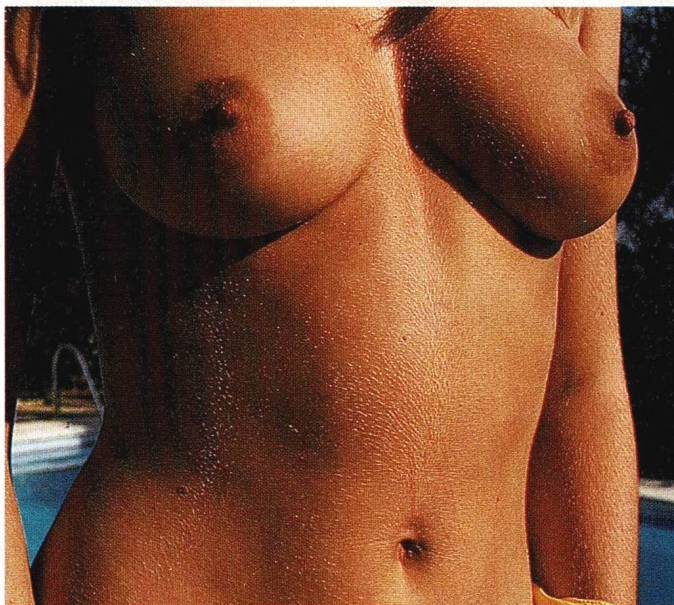
Virgin angst

I am a 21-year-old Asian male. I masturbate regularly but I am still a virgin. My uncircumcised dick is only 10cm long when fully erect, and when flaccid, it shrinks to the size of the tip of my little finger. I know that the normal response to this is that penis size shouldn't matter. Theoretically sound advice, but one still develops a complex about it.

But this is not my main concern. I was watching the Sophie Lee Sex show that said uncircumcised dicks should be washed regularly beneath the foreskin to reduce the chance of penis cancer. Fine with me, but when I try to pull back my foreskin it doesn't go all the way back like it did on the TV. Only about 1cm of my glans comes out before it gets too tight and the pain stops me pulling it any further back. The exposed area is very sensitive. It looks like a little red ball at the end of my dick — like nothing I've seen on TV. My glans is 3cm long and the foreskin tapers over it by half a centimetre so you can't see the glans when you look down the end of my dick.

Is it necessary for me to wash behind the foreskin? If it is, it would be very uncomfortable for me. If my foreskin is too tight and does have to be pulled back over the glans, does that mean I have to have a circumcision? Will it be painful if I ever have intercourse? I heard that your foreskin gets pushed back when you have sex. If I keep stretching my foreskin will I get it all the way back eventually? I guess I will eventually have to see a GP, but the urgency will depend on your response.

You're right. You should see a doctor. Not because you're a virgin or because you have a small penis, but because a 21-year-old bloke learning penis maintenance from prime time TV is a



fairly shonky act. It's your penis we're talking about here! You only get one! Get to a doctor, show him/her your penis, and listen to whatever advice may be proffered. They see people like you all the time so they're very good at putting you at ease when examining your penis. And yes, it is worth being concerned about cleaning under your foreskin because when your Big Moment comes and you get a woman into bed, she may be somewhat turned-off by 21 years of accumulated crud under your foreskin. It's simply a question of personal hygiene. You may be used to the smell, but she might find it plain revolting. There is also the possibility of cancer developing from a badly-maintained foreskin. As for your penis size, you're right — it shouldn't matter, but it does.

To what extent?

Sex shops and mail order companies are selling and advertising products known as Penis Enlargers or developers which use suction to alternately expand and relax the penis. Their manufacturers claim that there is medical evidence that this form of exercise enlarges the penis, stops premature ejaculation and cures impotence. They say that the speed of results generally varies in direct proportion to age and physical condition, though on average, most problems are solved after two months of daily use as instructed.

Are any of these claims true, and if so, are the more expensive products

generally better? Are there any dangers associated with using these products as directed?

There is no known method of making a normally functioning penis bigger, besides plastic surgery which won't increase the size by much. Basically, the size of your penis is determined genetically. The suction pump device you're talking about is just that — a pump on the end of a tube that extends your cock by pulling it with suction. What the advertisements don't tell you is that you have to bath your penis in hot towels before using the pump. This heating

of the penis means a temporary lengthening while your dick is still overheated. When the temperature returns to normal, so does your penis size. Penile implants and prostheses work only for impotent men. Some men have tried acupuncture to give themselves more length, but while this Chinese method can increase horniness and aggression, it doesn't make for a bigger cock. You could try surgery, but it's very tricky, very expensive and no surgeon would guarantee the success of the operation anyway. Sorry mate, but God gives out penis size, not mail-order miracle makers. Accept and enjoy!

Small breasts

I am 21-years-old and the woman every man nearly dreams about. Blonde hair, blue eyes and a nice, lightly tanned body. But my breasts have not fully developed. I don't want silicon implants but is there a natural cure for this?

You use the word "cure" as if you have an illness. Do you think Michelle Pfeiffer, Sigourney Weaver or Lisa Curry have a problem? They are successful, attractive and sexy women who have no shortage of male admirers, yet none of them would exactly fill Dolly Parton's bra. You're wise to avoid silicon breast implants because of the obvious problems some women have experienced with them. There are fitness experts who claim that some gym exercises can enhance breast tone and

appearance, but whether this leads to larger breasts depends on the existing structure of your chest muscles (pectorals) and the shape of your mammaries. It could be worth a shot, but bear in mind that there are many men who are turned-on by lithe-bodied women with small breasts. You say you're an attractive woman with a nice body, so why not count your blessings and find a bloke who likes you the way you are?

Two's a crowd

Please help me — I'm a woman in a desperate situation.

For the past 18 months I have been head over heels in love with a very sexy woman. (Some people call her a prick-tease.)

I have reason to believe she set out to play with fire, and me; although the last thing in the world she'd admit to, is having lesbian tendencies.

She has been married for four years but she doesn't love her husband and even avoids him sexually.

Because of her conservative background and the social environment,

But when we are surrounded by people, she touches and hugs me (accidentally or purposely?).

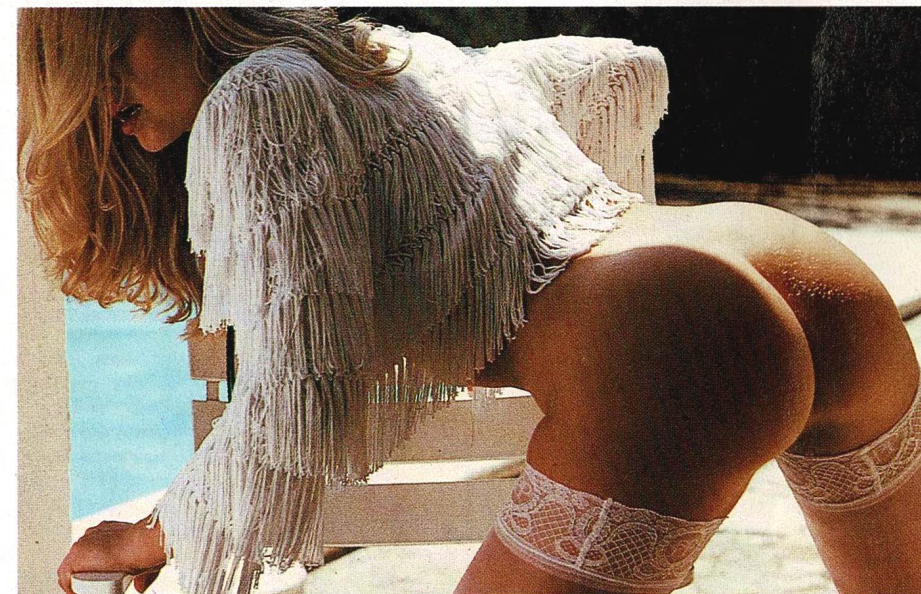
I just don't know what to do. Due to our social and professional connections we must see a lot of each other. Needless to say, this situation has deeply affected my work, family life and my health.

I have thought of moving to another city but it would be more hassle and emotional turmoil than the situation I'm trying to escape.

I've had lesbian relationships before but never with a straight woman. I couldn't bear her rejecting an advance of mine. I've made a few advances both physical and verbal, but she just laughs them off. I've no idea how she'd react to a kiss on the mouth or anything as confronting as that.

Do you have some idea about the way the mind of a "tease" works? What can I do?

Let's get one thing straight for a start. Just because the object of your desires hasn't leaped into bed with you after you've made a couple of passes, it



I would never attempt to seduce her. However, we spend long hours together alone or we go out — just the two of us — to the movies etc. And when she's dressed to kill, my sexual desire is unbearable.

We are both in our late 30's and when we're alone I can't help touching her affectionately or stroking her hair.

doesn't mean she's a "tease." Maybe she likes your company. Maybe you're a funny and entertaining woman. You say she doesn't love her husband and avoids him sexually. That doesn't mean she's necessarily looking for a lesbian love affair. Maybe she wants friendship and support. Surely this woman has a right to seek platonic companionship

without being labelled a "tease." If she touches and hugs you, well, so what? People do this all the time as a display of affection rather than lust.

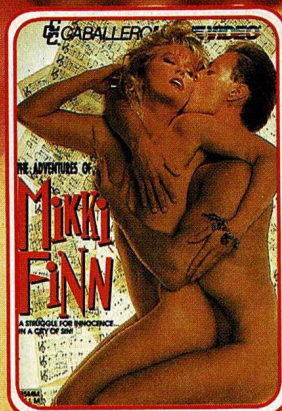
As for what you should do, why not try some good ol' fashioned communication? You say she's laughed off your moves on her, so maybe she's as nervous as you are about the whole thing. You've had your love affairs with women, but for her it could be something she dare not admit to for fear of not being "normal." Try talking about it, preferably over a few wines. If her desires don't coincide with yours, then that's tough. If she wants to return your affections, then you'll be one happy gal. But remember, every person has a right to their own sexuality and in their own time. Labelling someone a "tease" is a loser's game.

No sex drive

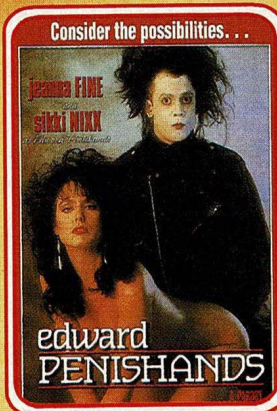
My wife is untidy and lazy. She irons my trousers at the seams rather than the creases, and leaves clothes to be ironed on the stereo and organ for weeks. I've given her everything that makes life easier. I make my own breakfast, pack my own lunch and cook most evening meals. She also thinks sex is sick and that oral sex and plenty of foreplay is sick. So what's the matter with her? I'm clean, tidy and always help with the kids. And I love her bottom — it looks great! Pretty ladies' bottoms have always turned me on. I even enjoy kissing her hole as it is opening. Is it alright me doing this? It feels really nice. She won't even have a blood test to see if her oestrogen hormone is up to the right level. Please help.

If you want to know what's wrong with your wife, perhaps you should ask her. She may have some valid reasons for not enjoying sex with you. As for her aversion to sex, oral sex and foreplay, this is not so unusual in women, or even for some men. You will find that women, more than men, often rely on mental stimulus in order to put them "in the mood." Maybe there are certain things that turn your wife on sexually, but she's too shy to tell you. So ask her what she wants and give it a try, because it's obvious that being clean, tidy and helpful haven't worked for you so far. Women who iron out the creases cannot be changed.

PLANTING THE SEEDS ... OF SEDUCTION



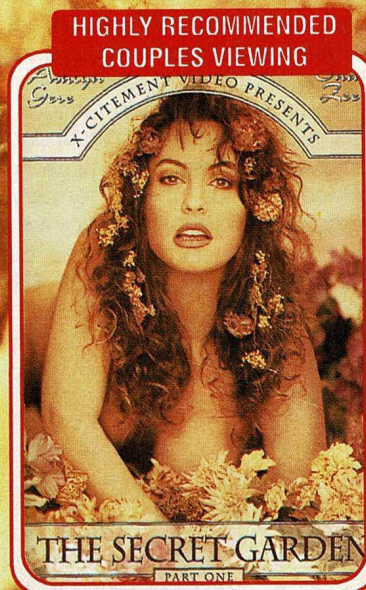
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EDWARD PENISHANDS - Paul Norman's hilarious spoof off the blockbuster hit will delight, excite and amuse you with its unique change to the character of Edward.
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fine lines

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I take my pleasures from the finer things in life," says 24-year-old Lisa Taylor. "I like French food, Italian wines and Australian men."

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American-born Lisa is Texan to the core. "I like everything big," she laughs. "I want a big house, a big car and a man big enough to really look after me."

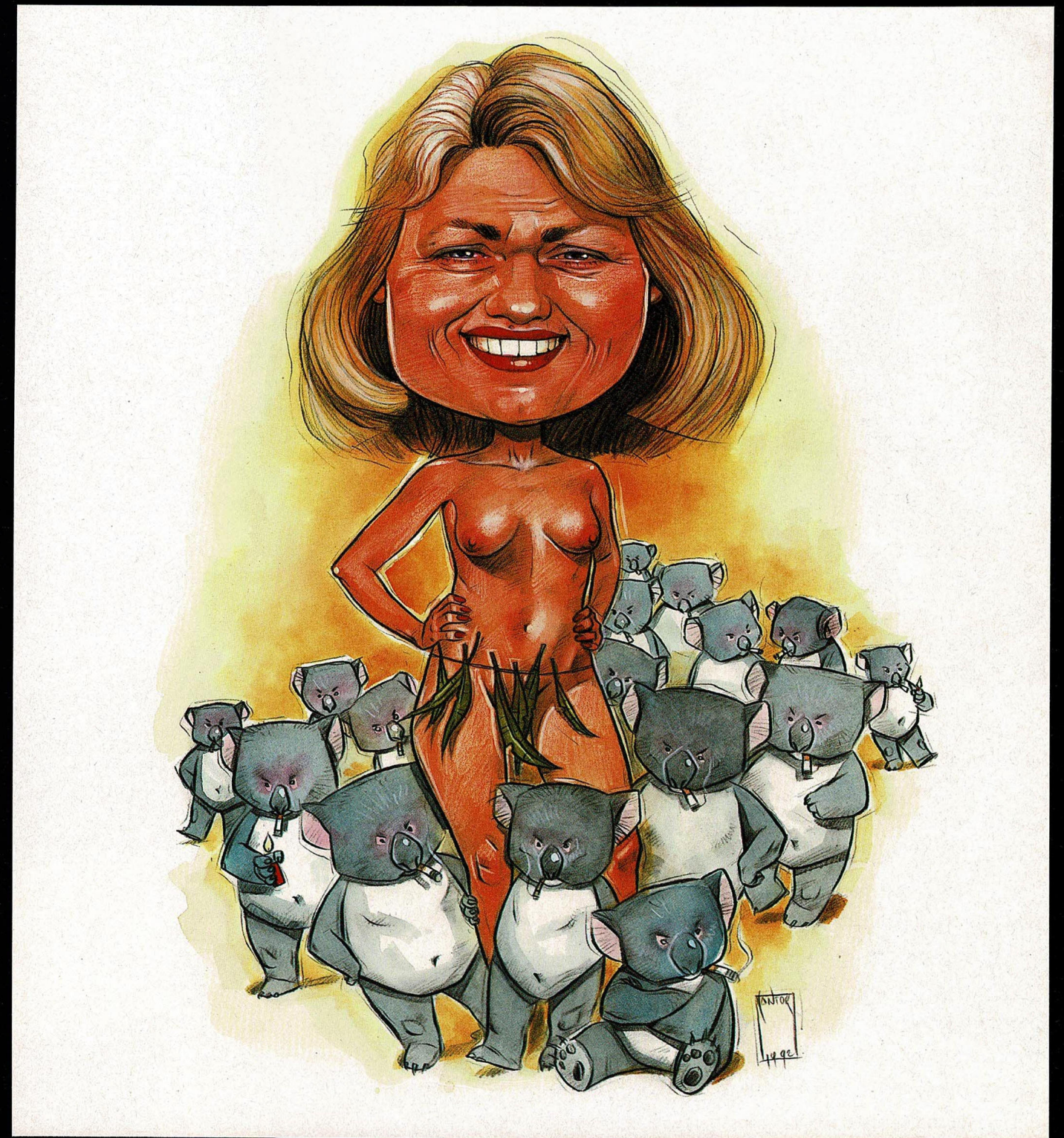








KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Ros Kelly

Greenies and developers
are turning the NSW North
Coast into a battlefield

•The big stink

Flying into Coffs Harbour you come down right over the beach. In bad weather it can appear quickly, just under your window — beach and breakers and a strip of swampy, pissed-out bushland south of the town. It looks stone cold and primal through the rain.

You turn on a wing over the harbour itself, a postcard scene which has been used to sell retirement savings plans on TV. A thick finger of land — not seen on TV — shields part of the harbour. It has been half gouged out to provide rock for the breakwater. One tiny shack with a Land Rights flag on the roof is in a clearing of raw scrub on the foreshore, isolated but giving offence to the scene just over the water. Sucked down towards the tarmac, the flag slips behind and you fly over a sewage works. Something is happening down there. The pools are threshing and foaming up a storm.

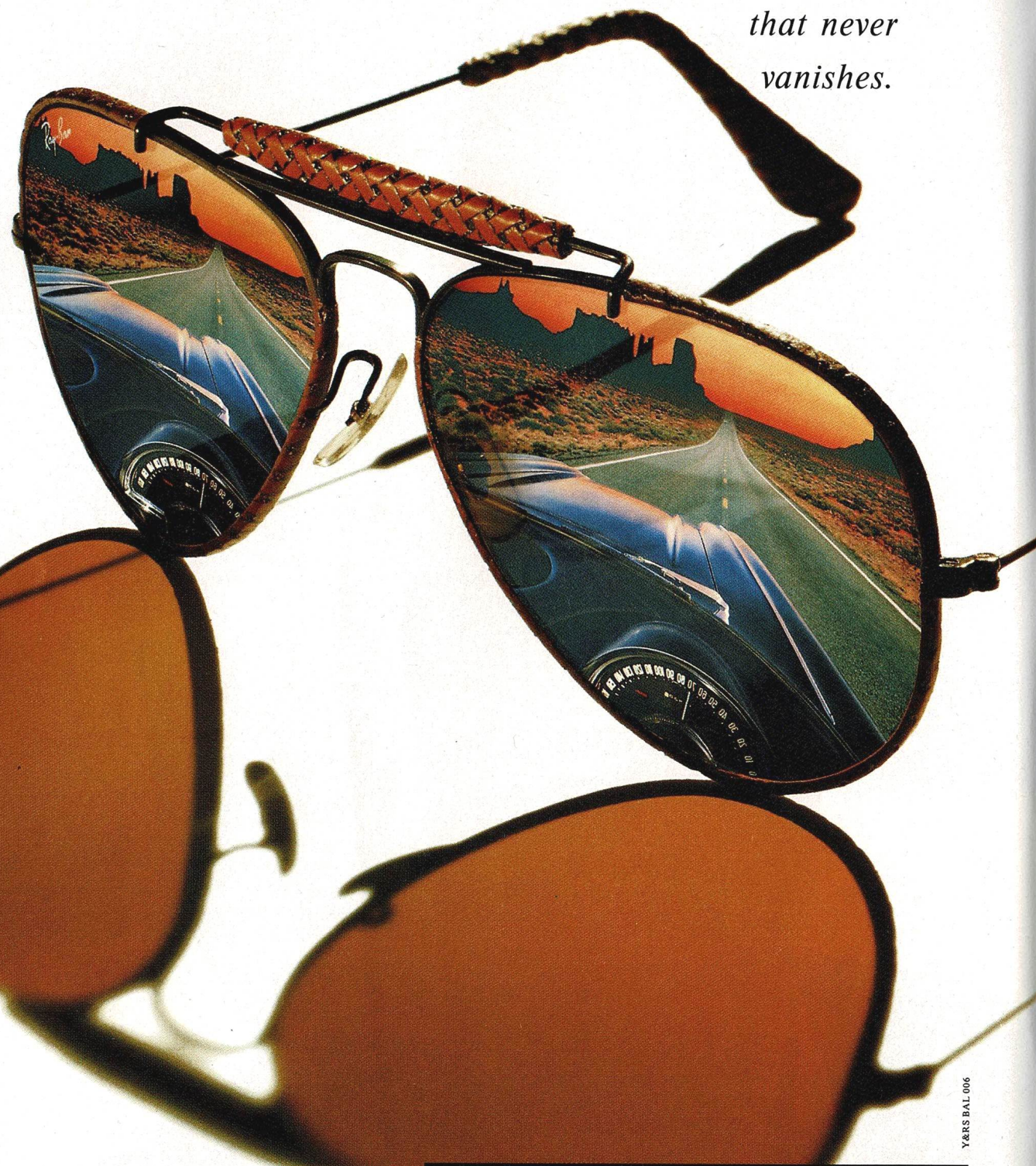
It's strange to be flying into the town you've passed through before. Coffs — a caffeine break on the east coast trip, a point on a line going somewhere else. Caravan parks, motels, Big Mac and a Coke. Stop revive survive. But

BY JOHN BIRMINGHAM

ILLUSTRATION BY HANS DE HAAS



A hazy
past, a clear
highway
and a point
that never
vanishes.



IMAGINE ALL THE WAYS
THEY PROTECT YOU.

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Style: Woven Leather Aviator

There is a clear difference between ordinary sunglasses, and Ray-Ban Driving Sunglasses.



◀ MOST
SUNGLASSES LET
YOU SEE THE
ROAD, BUT ARE TOO
DARK FOR
YOU TO SEE YOUR
INSTRUMENTS? *

THE RAY-BAN ▶
DRIVING LENS IS
MIRRORED
AT THE TOP AND
LIGHTER AT THE
BOTTOM SO YOU
CAN SEE BOTH.



Only Ray-Ban has the B15 Top Gradient Mirror Driving Glass Lens.

These lenses are mirrored at the top to give your eyes extra protection from bright glare entering the windshield from above.

The top of the lens absorbs 90% of visible light, whilst the centre and bottom of the lens blocks out 85% of visible light.



◀ MOST
SUNGLASSES FAIL
TO FILTER OUT
BLUE-LIGHT HAZE? *

(*SIMULATED
DEMONSTRATION.)

THE RAY-BAN ▶
DRIVING LENS CUTS
THROUGH BLUE-
LIGHT HAZE TO
SHARPEN DETAIL
AND CONTRAST.



The lens is a brown lens which selectively filters out blue light.

It is this blue light which makes it so hard to see in haze, fog and overcast conditions.

And because the Driving lens is a fixed colour lens, it's always ready to protect you from glare, even in the harshest sunlight.

Like all Ray-Ban lenses, these are made from precision ground optical quality glass which is scratch resistant and distortion free.

Driving makes strong demands on your eyes and your driving glasses.

That's why only Ray-Ban has so many ways to protect you.

Ray-Ban

DRIVING SUNGLASSES

On the road since 1937.

stink

this time you stay. You walk through light drizzle into the Coffs Harbour Museum, a cinder block bunker on one of the main drags back to the motel strip. The exhibits lean heavily towards pioneer rust but some space is given to the area's original tribes. The photographs are interesting, their subjects a long way removed from the image of their great great grandchildren. They were tough-looking hunter-killer types then, all strong arms, spears and attitude. You see their descendants walking the streets during the day and you might cross over the road. But the threat from their sullen, watery eyes says more that they've been robbed not that you're about to be.

Some live in the house you flew over coming in. It was an old Public Works shack. Generations have lived there since the second world war. It feels the strain. The roof lets through the rain, which corrodes the wiring and rots the floor. Fishing gear stands off to the side of the garden. Harry, their shrewd pot-bellied old patriarch hopes that something might be done soon.

In 1984 Laurie Brereton said they would never be moved off their land. But successive governments have not been so open-handed and after eight years his people are still being bounced around. They are an obstacle to the exploitation of the area. You just know that the land pimps are wetting themselves to get in here and you smile thinking that it would strike a disturbing, sub-astral note in the town if the locals bothered to listen and understand their own history. They are getting some of Harry's medicine now, a little taste of what it's like to get fucked around by fat greed heads with all of the guns and no respect.

The smarter ones, those with perspective and emotional distance, can see the change — a long subterranean shift in perceptions and allegiances. They tell you it broke the surface during the last council election. One of the new councils' first announcements is that a sewage outfall would be built just outside town at Look At Me Now headland.

You walk out there the second day in town. The headland sticks out into the ocean like a giant thumb. It is a fine, bracing scene. For the most part it's bare of tree and bush, being covered by grass and some rare form of lichen which you probably trample to death as you stagger about. Your guide is Williams, an American, an outsider and an unbeliever. He is large and bald. A bad leg gives him trouble. His breath comes hard giving his words a harsh, exasperated texture. But he can make

real an awareness which comes out of the mouths of others in halting half-formed thoughts, gestures of frustration and a fear that they are being pushed into the margins on their home turf. There's a growing concern, as a school teacher put it, that the town is becoming the sort of place where you don't count unless you've got money.

At the high point on the farthest reach of land, most of what lays before your view is the solitary Marine Reserve. Williams says there's good fishing down there, and great diving. Behind you and off to the south towards town, a long white beach fronts undisturbed bushland. To the north is the small settlement of Emerald Beach, setting for ICAC inquiries and surf competitions. Beneath your muddy boots is the proposed site of the outfall. They weren't going to bother piping it out to sea. The pipe head would jut precisely one metre out from a cliff, about 30m over the crashing surf. The shiny suits said some kind of "fan system" would disperse the clumps of human grease and "solid matter." But standing over the spot, buffeted by a strong sou'wester and watching some surfers catch a long booming swell into the beach, you knew that shit wasn't going anywhere but right back in their faces.

"Corruption is innate in small towns," says Williams. "You need something done? Friday you get on the piss with your man. Monday, things have usually worked themselves out."

These informal structures were okay in a small fishing village of a few thousand people. But fifty thousand live here now and the place is falling apart. The shiny suits on council want an international airport but they've cut the library budget to shreds. Letters in the papers complain there are no parks for the kids to play in. Suburbs are going without curbing and guttering for 20 years. Big resort development is fast tracked, however.

"The business barons are looked after," says Williams. "But the basic people structures are ignored." You drive down the coast to the two big resorts of Pacific Bay and Opal Cove. Once these places were known as Charlsworth Bay and Hills Beach. But that wasn't sophisticated enough so the names were changed. One day things known for generations just didn't exist anymore. Unthought at the stroke of a pen on a cheque. Then the land itself was changed. Hills, bluffs, dunes, picnic grounds all disappeared, the landscape bludgeoned into submission.

There must be something in the air, or maybe in the proximity to the frontier with Queensland, close enough for something to be carried out of that heart of darkness to nourish a clutch of little Mister Kurtz's. This place is

stink

becoming littered with them. They do as they please, acting out their own form of brute creation in the forests as they subdivide, slash, burn and concrete the whole thing over for condo's, golf clubs and full-bore 3D Irwin Allen-inspired disasters like the Big Banana. The banana was one of the first Big Things now littering the tourist routes. It was a working banana farm where families on driving holidays could break the east coast trip and it featured on 60 percent of the postcards sent from Coffs Harbour. People would stop in for an hour or so, have a cup of tea and a banana sandwich, learn interesting facts about bananas and have their photo taken in front of a largish fibreglass banana before leaving. The syndicate which bought out this worthy enterprise planned a 30 million dollar Banana Disneyland. A monorail would run all over the valley, out to Pacific Bay and Opal Cove before looping back to a shopping mall around the side of the Banana mountain. For ten bucks you could catch a ride and see the million dollar mechanised bunyip, the mountaintop space station, and the withered grey fruit trees which had been sought out from afar and left to die on the side of the mountain.

The Banana was a lemon, doomed from the start. The receivers moved in. They are hoping to get two or three million dollars back. Scores of local contractors will not be paid, a nasty shock to a small-town economy.

“
That Shit
wasn't going
anywhere, but
right back in
their faces
”

The new manager of the Banana walks you around the place and tells you that the idea was fucked in its conception. There was never a market for an international theme park in this part of the world. Halfway up the mountain he points to the coast, to the

multi-story Pacific Bay resort. Finished nearly two years ago, it has never opened its doors. It cannot hope to sustain the occupancy rate it needs to pay for its overheads. Nearby, Opal Cove is not deserted. It just seems that way. The condos built in the middle of a fairway for those golf-crazy Japanese are empty. Who wants to live in the flight path of a thousand little white missiles? Some species of killer ant has taken over the greens. Driving through, you mistake their anthills for thousands of little doggy turds. An inauspicious debut for big-dollar international tourism. But other developments are racing ahead with that special full-throttle high-octane feel you remember from the days when guys like Skasey and Bondy were lauded as heroes for bankrupting the country. One of these, the Big Golf Course, was the work of one of the geniuses behind the Big Banana. He left town in a hurry claiming the Yakuza had taken over the project. The new backers say he took two million bucks of their money, then had to leg it out of Dodge City pursued by his creditors. The new backers make the national media when they are allegedly caught flogging a prospectus around Tokyo touting developments for which they have no planning approval.

Continued on page 94



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BY GRAHAM BICKNELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAMERA ONE

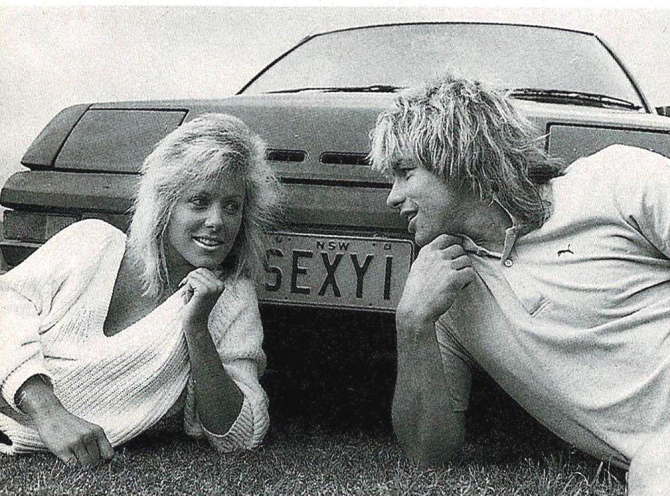


Wetsuit by Aleeda Wetsuits, The Gold Coast. Lingerie by The Undercover Girl, Surfers Paradise Centre.

Joanne Capper

Free spirit

For Joanne Capper, there is life after Warwick



When the hot glare of the media spotlight is suddenly turned off, those who once bathed in its glow can easily believe that it's the end of the ball game and the only remaining alternative is to slope off into obscurity. They can become maudlin and depressed, cursing their rotten luck because no-one cares about them any more. This almost happened to Joanne Capper.

But take a look at her now. It didn't did it?

Just a few short years ago it was common to see Joanne popping up in the tabloids and women's glossies. She always looked gorgeous, of course. It was a prerequisite when her primary role was to be an appendage to husband Warwick.

They were a couple of bombshells. He was tall, blond and muscular, wore extremely short shorts and was unquestionably the highest of fliers in the Australian Football League. Joanne was just gorgeous and blonde — she

didn't have to be anything else.

But those were the good old days. Warwick was kicking goals for the Sydney Swans. Dr Geoffrey Edlestein, who had his own luscious blonde wife, was Warwick's boss. Mike Willesee was a friend. Restaurant openings and premiere nights always seemed to have the Cappers as adornments. Oh boy, would it never end?

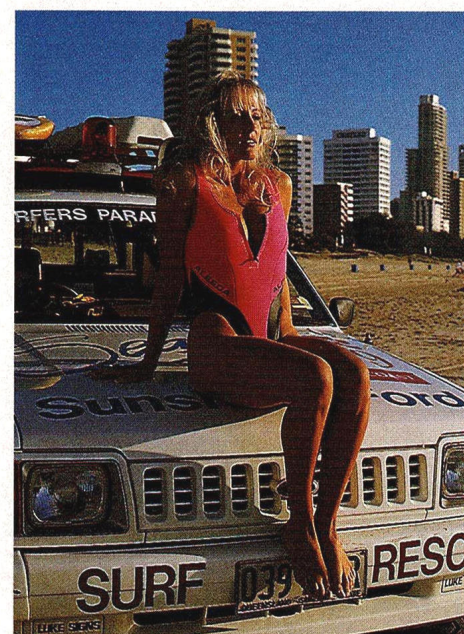
Some people get addicted to all that attention and then suffer withdrawal when it's removed. This has not happened to Joanne Capper. She's in her late twenties now, not 18 as she was when the golden-haired duo first hit Sydney. The stars have definitely fallen from her eyes.

It all happened rather quickly. One minute she was a kid just out of school who went from suburban



Melbourne to Sydney with the boyfriend she'd had since she was 14.

Next minute this same boyfriend was turning on half the teenage chicks in Sydney and Melbourne merely by wedging himself into a skin tight pair of footy shorts. This sort of



thing can make a young girl feel a touch insecure. And it did.

"It was probably pretty hard on me then," says Joanne. "I got a bit jealous in the Geoffrey Edlestein days because it seemed all these girls wanted to be with Warwick. Those years with the Swans were demanding, physically and emotionally.

"Warwick had to worry about performing on the field. I felt I had constant pressure on me to look good. I think most 18 or 19-year-old girls would feel the pressure of competition when they're with somebody who had the status Warwick had.

"I guess I was never really confident in those days. I don't have tickets on myself.

"Unfortunately, towards the end of our relationship and the breakdown of our marriage, I think Warwick thought I would never really leave. I guess it's because you become a big part of each other when you've been together for 13 years."

Joanne, quite clearly, is a very pretty girl who does wonderful things for clothes. Her 5'4" 36-23-33 frame, infectious smile and





general knockout appearance turns heads as it has most of her life. But she can screw that face up too, especially when her former "glamour marriage" is resurrected in conversation. "It wasn't a glamour marriage. That's how the media portrayed it. It was so-called glamour. I worked right through that relationship, holding down normal jobs. There was nothing glamorous about any of that."

Joanne was talking with *Penthouse* at her home which she shares with her new partner on the Gold Coast. She was paranoid we'd reveal where she lives. With good reason, too. She's had nuisance phone calls, her car petrol tank was sugared and she's been followed. All in all, things became sticky for a while and Joanne isn't interested in any of it happening again.

Then there have been rumours that she has been having it off

with just about every male on the Gold Coast. But Joanne is a tough little nut, very hard to crack. She's even prepared to take the blame for the failure of their marriage.

"I'm the one who changed, he's still a little boy at heart. The demands I require emotionally, personally, sexually, in every aspect, weren't being fulfilled. So we grew apart.

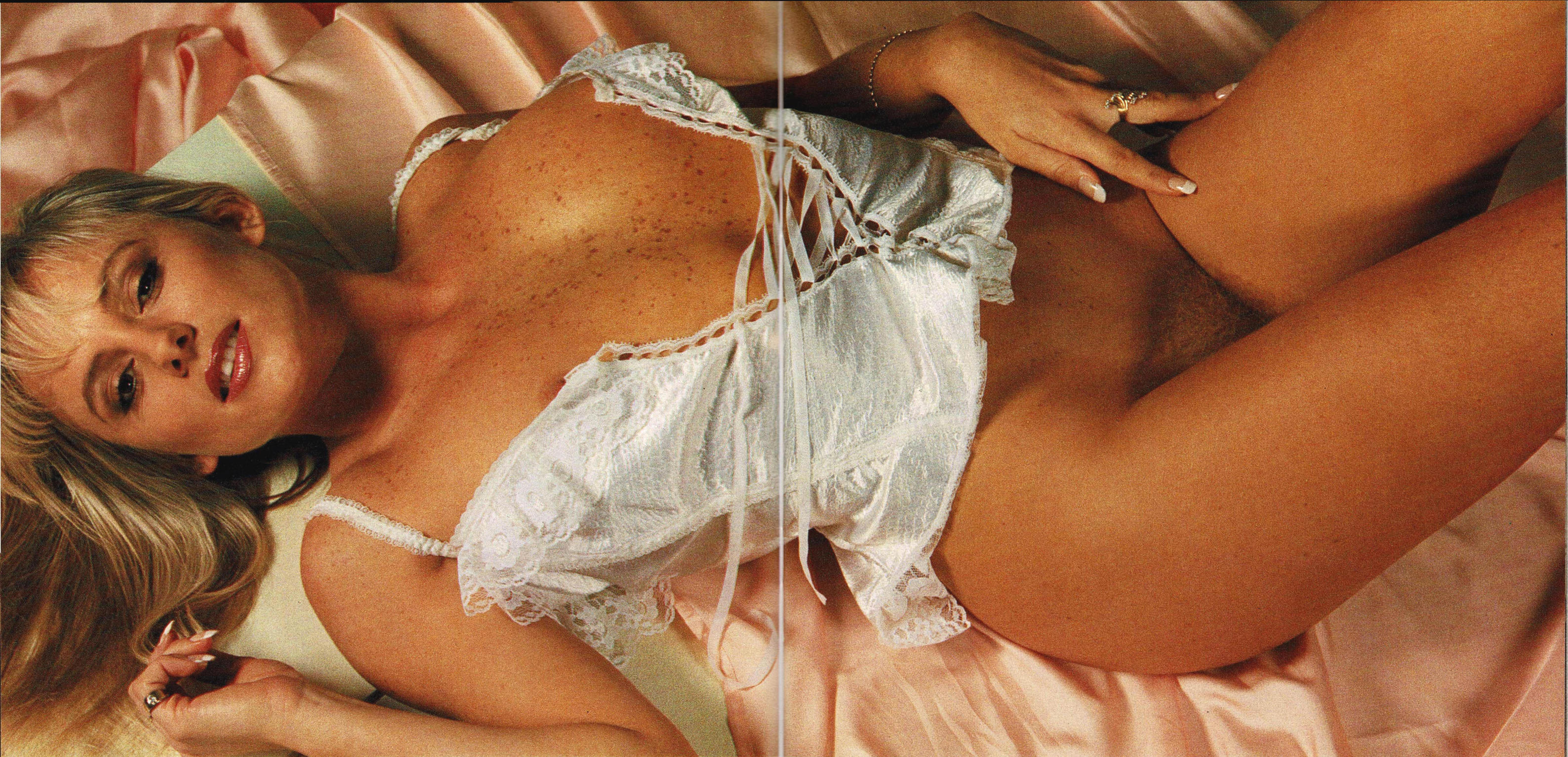
"He's a very selfish person. He thought, like a lot of men do I suppose, that he was the only one who mattered. He didn't worry about my interests in life, my commitments job-wise. Maybe because I wasn't earning \$100,000 a year I wasn't important.

"I don't look at things that way. To me it's not a person's social status or public image which matters. It's how that person is and what they stand for, not how much money they make or what sort of car they drive around in."

Joanne is currently working for a leading Gold Coast dental surgeon. She is involved in the computerisation and photography of cosmetic dentistry. For the Cappers, life was kicked out of bounds on the full when Warwick made the big switch from the Sydney Swans to the Brisbane Bears in 1988. It was looking pretty good for the blonde duo, at least on the surface. So good that they married and bought an enormous home on 30 acres overlooking the Gold Coast from Stradbroke Island to Coolangatta.







"The home was 60 squares. It had a gym, pool, spa, great gardens. It was too big for two though, especially when I was the one who had to work it."

The house, at Coomera, was also home for a time for Joanne's first love, her prized show horse. The problem was, Warwick had a total disinterest in animals while Joanne is passionate about them.

"Animals mean as much to me as my parents. I prefer animals to people, I trust animals, there aren't many people I'd trust."

Football followers will know the Brisbane Bears move was a disaster for Warwick. But if he couldn't get a kick on the field he was starting to get a few off it. From his wife.

"I was living with someone immature and I felt like a slave. If I tried to talk to him he'd tell me not to grow up so quickly. Warwick would be out with guys 17 or 18 and he was 28. They'd be riding skateboards up and down the road."

When Warwick returned to Sydney last year for one more abortive fling with the Swans, it effectively ended the Capper's marriage. Joanne discovered that she suddenly had a new life. She could make her own decisions without having to worry about how Warwick might feel.

She realised they'd grown apart while they were still living under the same roof.

"When you're younger you can live with these differences; you don't realise. But when he went to Sydney and I was alone up on the Gold Coast, I discovered myself."

Her decision to leave Warwick meant that Joanne finally made a bid for her own independence. She says she has no intention of ever letting go of it again.

The experience didn't turn her off men though. "The one I've got now is pretty ideal," she says with a naughty grin.

"He's loving and caring, not possessive and he's fun to be with. He shows concern for my interests and our sex life is good. If you've got a good sex life then almost automatically everything else seems to go well. As much as people deny this, it's a fact we have to face.

"You know what they say about women, that they sexually peak at 40? I hope my man can keep up with me then. Mind you, I think I'm peaking now."

Despite her open and casual attitude, Joanne really is a relatively demure little thing who has been hurt by what rumour mongers on the clique-riddled Gold Coast are saying.

"I just don't screw around, I never have," she says with some vehemence. "I was with one guy for 13 years and I still find it hard to accept that people could believe I was screwing around. I reckon I've had less than almost any girl my age.

"But according to the rumours I've had it off with horse trainers, bouncers, every one of the Brisbane Bears football team. I don't know where I ever got all those hours in a day.

"Things like that are to be expected in a small place like the Gold Coast though, especially when you've split up with a high-profile footballer.

"But they only upset me if they upset someone I care about. They might have upset my new man if he hadn't been living with me and known I wasn't in places where the rumours said I was."

"Rumours are horrible, they put doubts into peoples minds and that's bad for any relationship."



Trevor
Hendy is
the greatest
competitive
lifesaver the
world has
ever seen

iron awe

The business of being an ironman is starting to pay off. Trevor Hendy couldn't decide whether to take us to the beach in his Nissan Patrol or his sleek charcoal BMW.

"We'll take the truck," the gangling blond world and Australian champion decided. His wife Jacki, the equally blonde and willowy former Miss Queensland Surf Girl, took the Beamer.

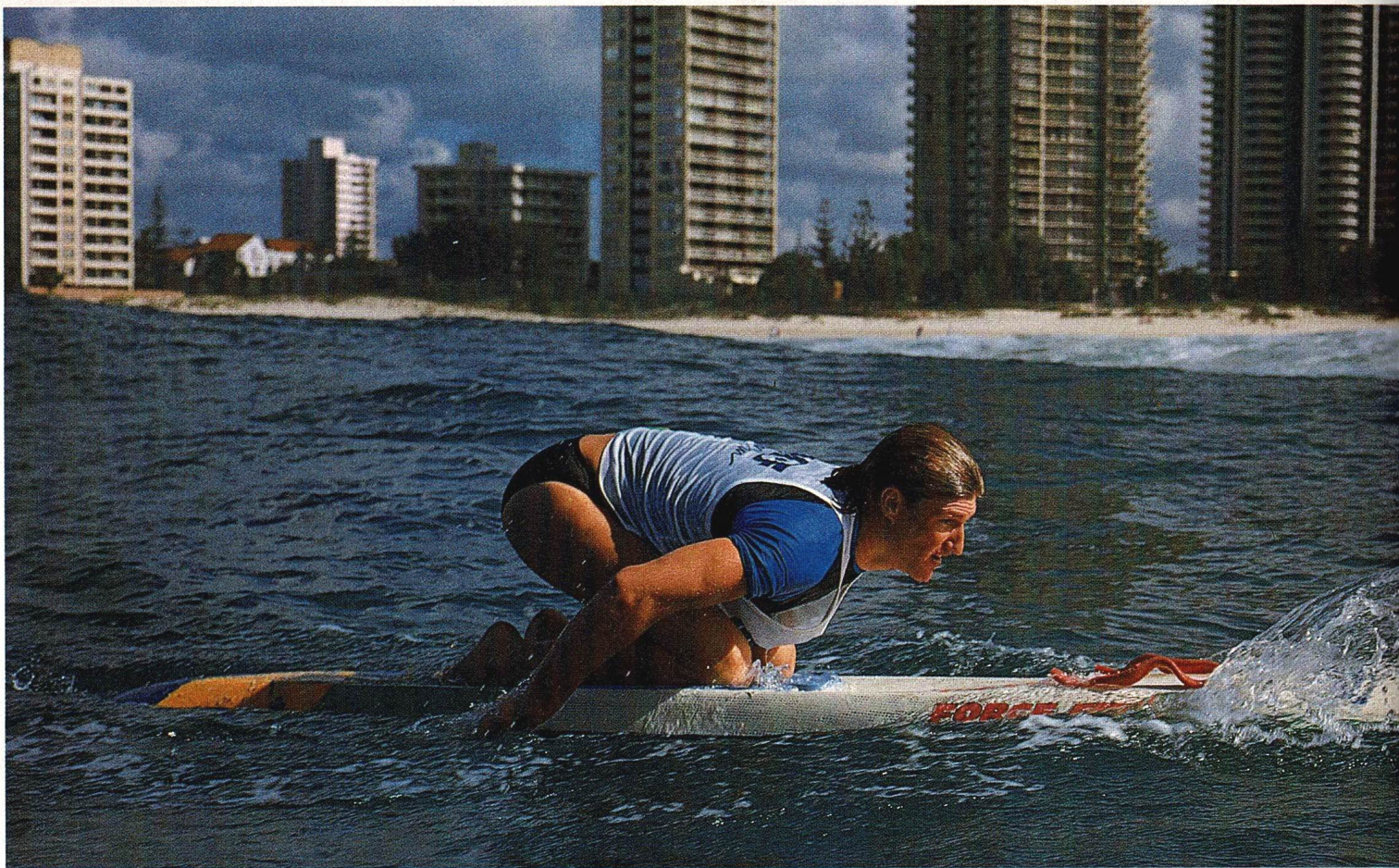
Decisions, decisions.

Hendy, just 23 and with everything going for him, was keen that the day should go well. He has won three world titles and five Australian championships, and yet this was his first big national print interview. There is a price for achieving fame, and one of them is spending a whole day with people you don't know. Hendy was prepared to pay.

He isn't quite sure why he's not as famous in Australia as he should be. After all, he's already the greatest competitive lifesaver the world has ever seen. The adjective most often used to describe him is "awesome." His demeanor and appearance is non-threatening and wholesome. Hell, when it comes to role-models, this boy emerged

PROFILE BY GRAHAM BICKNELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAMERA ONE





iron awe

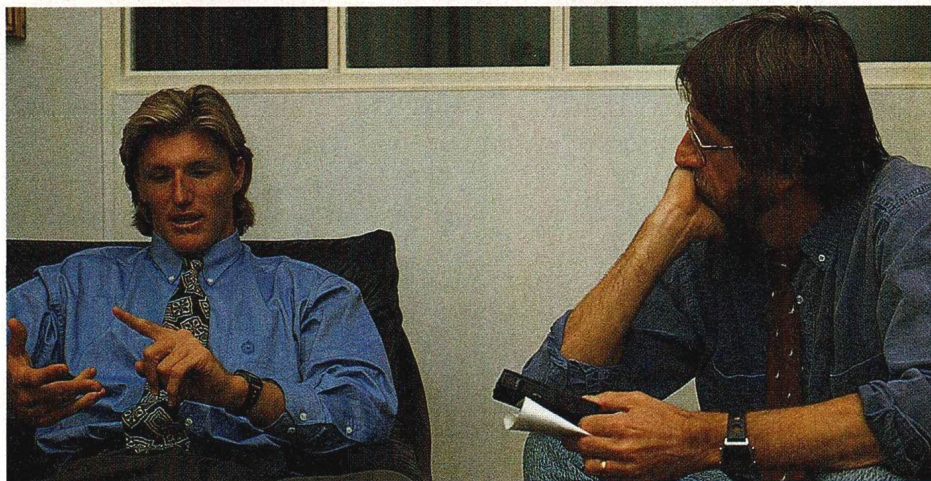
straight from the original mould.

And the "original" is Grant Kenny, one of Hendy's closest mates and mentors. He wasn't one of the first ironmen either — his father Haydn Kenny was — but it was Grant who brought this strange and painful sport to the general public. It was Grant who guided a whole generation of Australian kids to gobble cereal at breakfast. Now Hendy's time is coming.

So we jumped in the truck after leaving Hendy's manager's office and weaved down to the beach at Surfers. There's not much point in sitting around in plush offices with ironmen. You have to see them out doing it. You know, ironing.

The photographer had a mild fit when we got there. He had to go out in a rubber dingy with a couple of members of the Surfers Paradise Surf Lifesaving Club, and the swell was monstrous. It was so big there weren't even any Japanese out there drowning — according to the boys at the club, they do that all the time.

Trevor sat by the upstairs window at the clubhouse and looked out at the waves for a while. He can "read" the surf as easily as you're reading this. In conversations I had later with his fellow ironmen, Grant Kenny and Guy Andrews, both brought up the fact that the 193cm tall Queenslander has a remarkable knowledge of wave conditions. It's one



of the many reasons he's so damned good.

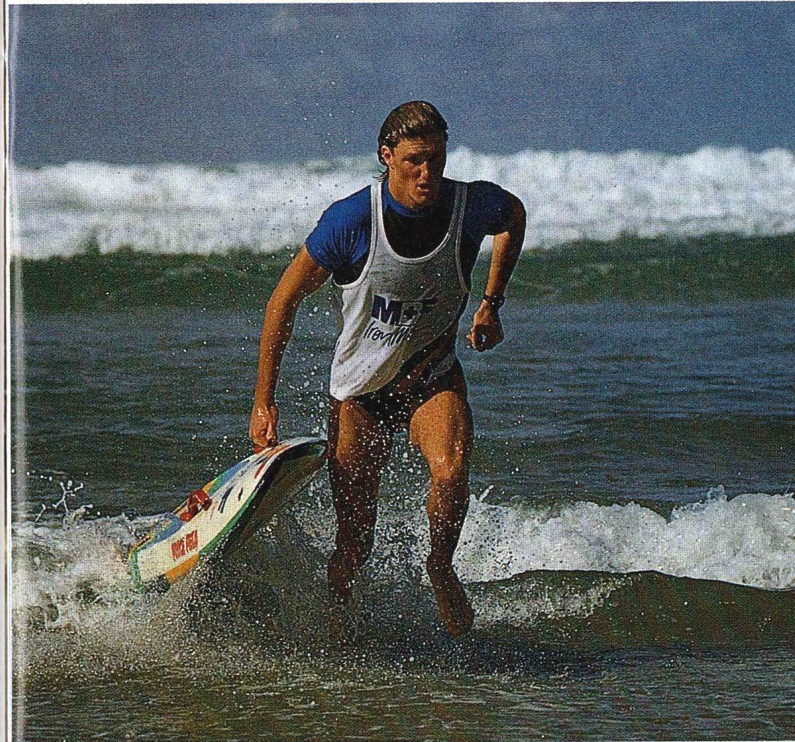
About a month prior to meeting Hendy, I'd spent some time talking to Lee McGregor, a 40-year-old South African ironman who came out with the Test team after 20 odd years in the sporting wilderness. McGregor was obsessed with competing against Hendy, and he gave him a good run. What blew him away was Hendy's ability to see what no-one else apparently could see.

McGregor had said, "I'd made up my mind to go wherever Trevor went before the race. I swam neck and neck with him and then we got on the skis. We were half way to the first can when Trevor suddenly turned left. I couldn't understand why, so I forgot my promise to myself and went straight on. I was

TOP LEFT AND RIGHT: Who says Hendy doesn't train?
ABOVE: The Champ lays down the law to Graham Bicknell.
RIGHT: Hendy trains for entering and leaving the surf.

hit by five or six waves in a row and Trevor got straight through. I lost any chance right there."

The ironman calendar runs from November through to April. Away from inter-club meetings, when they are seen in their more accustomed role as savers of lives, Australia's leading ironmen compete in two different camps. There is the Kelloggs Nutri-Grain series headed by the Mercer brothers, Darren and Dean. Then there is the Uncle Toby's series which contains most of the big



names, such as Hendy, Grant Kenny, Guy Leech, Craig Riddington and Guy Andrews.

Ironman involves swimming, running on the sand and paddling rescue boards (Mals) and 6m surf skis. Some of the races last hours and can be a tad boring for the spectators; others are short and fast and involve the competitors coming back to the beach regularly to run or change equipment. Hendy likes the short variety.

After a while, as we watched the waves get bigger and meaner, Trevor began to relax and expound. In the process, he gave away just enough information to allow his opponents some hope. There are clues here which might give someone a chance to knock him off.

First, we should explode a myth. Contrary to what the other ironmen say, Trevor Hendy does train. Maybe not as hard as they do, certainly not in the same way, but he puts in the hours.

"There's this big thing that I never train, or that I don't train as hard as the rest of them. Some of the young guys believe that. If I paddle past them

but I like to know what's being said. So on the first morning of the nationals I was in the team bus on the way to Narrabeen and Rod Taylor, who is Leechy's coach, had an article in the paper and it said: 'Trifecta for the Ironman: Darren Mercer, Guy Leech and Sean Kenny.' The reporter had asked him about me, and Taylor had said I wasn't swimming very well and wasn't up to it.

"I said to myself: Oh yes, that's interesting. The Ironman heat was the first event that morning and I didn't warm up for it. I had a new Mal so I went out and rode waves for a while. I didn't even get on the ski and only had

"He can 'read' the surf as easily as you're reading this."

they go: 'How did he do that? He doesn't even train.' It really plays on them.

"It's become ridiculous. This year I was so out of condition. At the start of the year I had pneumonia, then a bad

flu. It takes a long time to recover after pneumonia when you're trying to train four and a half hours a day, and I had to be careful.

"One day I trained a couple of minutes too long and got the flu again. It just kept happening. Then there were different commitments, which is something I've already learned a lot about, like when to accept and when not to. So after all that, when I got to the national titles this year, all I raced on was my brain.

"I had trained enough and in a few sessions I'd hurt myself, so the hurt wasn't going to worry me. But I didn't have the basic aerobic fitness that I normally have.

"Everyone had written me off for those nationals. I'd only managed third in the Queensland titles in the Ironman and third in the Mal, so they said I was unfit and out of condition.

"The thing is, I read everything. I'm not the sort of person who is going to sit back and let it affect me negatively,

a swim when I lost my board. They all said I was pretty casual.

"I won my heat by about 150m and I went really easy. I just picked the gaps and when I came in everyone said I was looking good for the title. These were the same people who had been saying I hadn't a chance.

"From then on I was just motivated by the thought that Rod Taylor, who is a very good coach, had tried to psyche me out. But really, that's exactly what he did and I won my fifth title.

"The same sort of thing happened at the end of the season in the 45-minute race at Manly," Hendy went on.

"People are still talking about this, how Leech and I came down the final leg side by side. It had been five of us — Leechy, Guy Andrews, Sean Kenny, Craig Riddington and myself — in the last run leg together. It was 3km to the finish line up and back, it was really close. Firstly, either Riddo or Sean dropped back, then the other one dropped off, and it was me, Leechy and Guy Andrews.

"Guy Andrews would spurt, then Leechy would spurt and then I took over and led most of the way down so that it didn't get too slow and allow them to kick at the half-way point and really take off. I knew I couldn't kick from half-way. So I took them down faster and back faster.

"We got close to the soft sand and Guy Andrews kicked so I went with him. Then Leechy kicked and I went with him. We were in the soft sand and I was running in Leechy's footprints. I'm hurting, but so is he. We were nearing the finish line when this bloke leaned right out over the bunting and yelled practically in our ears: 'Come on Leechy, you've got a bigger ticker than he has.'

"I just looked back and thought:

iron awe

'thanks mate.' I went straight round Leechy and beat him by 20m. I said in the interview later that, after what was said, I just had to go past. Then Leechy said in his interview, 'Wait till I find that guy, I'm going to kill him.'

That's what makes Hendy's ticker tick over. What gets his adrenalin pumping is getting out in the biggest surf he can find, getting flogged by it, and then respectfully mastering it. He'll go out in anything, and so will Grant Kenny.

Hendy tells of the Ironman at Portsea a few years ago, when the surf the day before the event was rolling in from the other side of the world. "No-one was game to go in on a ski but Grant, Dwayne Thuys and myself. I had to fashion a plug from a cork to fit into my ski and the other two went out into it.

"It took me ten bloody minutes and when I looked up they were still there bouncing into waves. They'd been getting knocked backwards all that time, so I caught up with them and got rolled backwards with them for another ten.

"Finally Grant and I got it together and paddled out to sea. The swell was 3.6m out the back and they kept coming at us. The faces of these waves were about 6m high.

"So we had to keep paddling and paddling, just to find a safe spot to turn around. We were about 1.5km out to sea, paddling into the wind, when this wave broke about 200m further out

from us. It was huge, just enormous, the biggest wave I've ever seen. We just looked at each other and watched it coming. It broke and kept on rolling, and we realised the water was so deep it would have to die before it got to us. By the time it reached us it was no more than 1.2m of white water and we just punched through it. When we got through, the sea was just white where it had been."

To further illustrate how confident these men/fish are, Grant Kenny relates the next year's efforts at Portsea, when the surf was just as gigantic and he and Hendy went out on their boards.

"Trevor and I were the only ones out there. Trevor was dumped off his Mal and lost it. I picked him up and we went out and caught this huge barrel. We were both standing up on my board inside this tube. The locals were watching from the roof of the Portsea Surf Club. They couldn't believe it."

Hendy showed his skill during the photographic session. The surf wasn't Portsea madness but it was big enough. Hendy on his ski beat the inflatable out the back, and when he returned to shore to pick up his board for some more shots he twice made it out the back, only to turn and catch big boomers in again just for the hell of it. He makes it all look so ridiculously easy.

Guy Andrews, the Tugun 21-year-old dynamo who has beaten Hendy a couple of times, says that Hendy is the complete surfer. Andrews is no slouch himself, but he says that being up against Hendy's natural talent, his strength, surf knowledge and skills,

makes it murderously tough to get past him, every time.

Hendy knows this. He also knows something else, through the training he did with Bill Haylock, who coached Dwayne Thuys to two world titles. Haylock, more a mentor than a coach these days, helped hone Hendy to become an ironman perfectionist.

"There are still things Bill and I do in pre-race planning which I'd never put on paper that no-one has figured out about racing yet. It's to do with how you approach the race and how you actually race it. If people sat down and looked at the best ten wins I've had in major titles against good competition, they'd notice one thing about it the whole time.

"It's all to do with getting in and out of the surf and how good the changeovers are done. It's amazing how some ironmen will do 40 hours a week of training in ski and board paddling, swimming and running, but ignore all the little things in between. And the stuff in the middle comes easily. But they make mistakes, do silly things."

Silly things are not part of this ironman's make-up. He is making careful plans for the future. Now under new management, Hendy is gearing up to become as familiar to beach-loving Aussies as Grant Kenny.

Everything is in place. He has extraordinary talent and dedication, a beautiful wife, a gorgeous four-year-old daughter, soon a house by the ocean and the possibility, with prize money and endorsements, of making a pre-tax minimum of \$200,000 a year and rising.

After that, the boy who was tempted to become an accountant might try sports commentating. But that's all a bit far into the future. He could wind up with ten national Ironman titles and perhaps six world titles. He could be the greatest surfer who ever lived. He just has to keep winning.

"At the moment this is my living, training is my work, my life revolves around it. But, as everyone says, it's harder staying on the top than getting there.

"You make it on natural talent and hard work, and when you do get there suddenly there are all these commitments.

"You owe it to yourself to take advantage of it all while you can, but you also owe it to yourself to train and to spend time with the family and keep everyone happy.

"Then you have to keep yourself happy as well. And you have to be as fit as you can possibly be to win again so that people will still want to be involved. And after all the races are finished, you've got to create enough money so you can go again next season. That's when it gets hard." 

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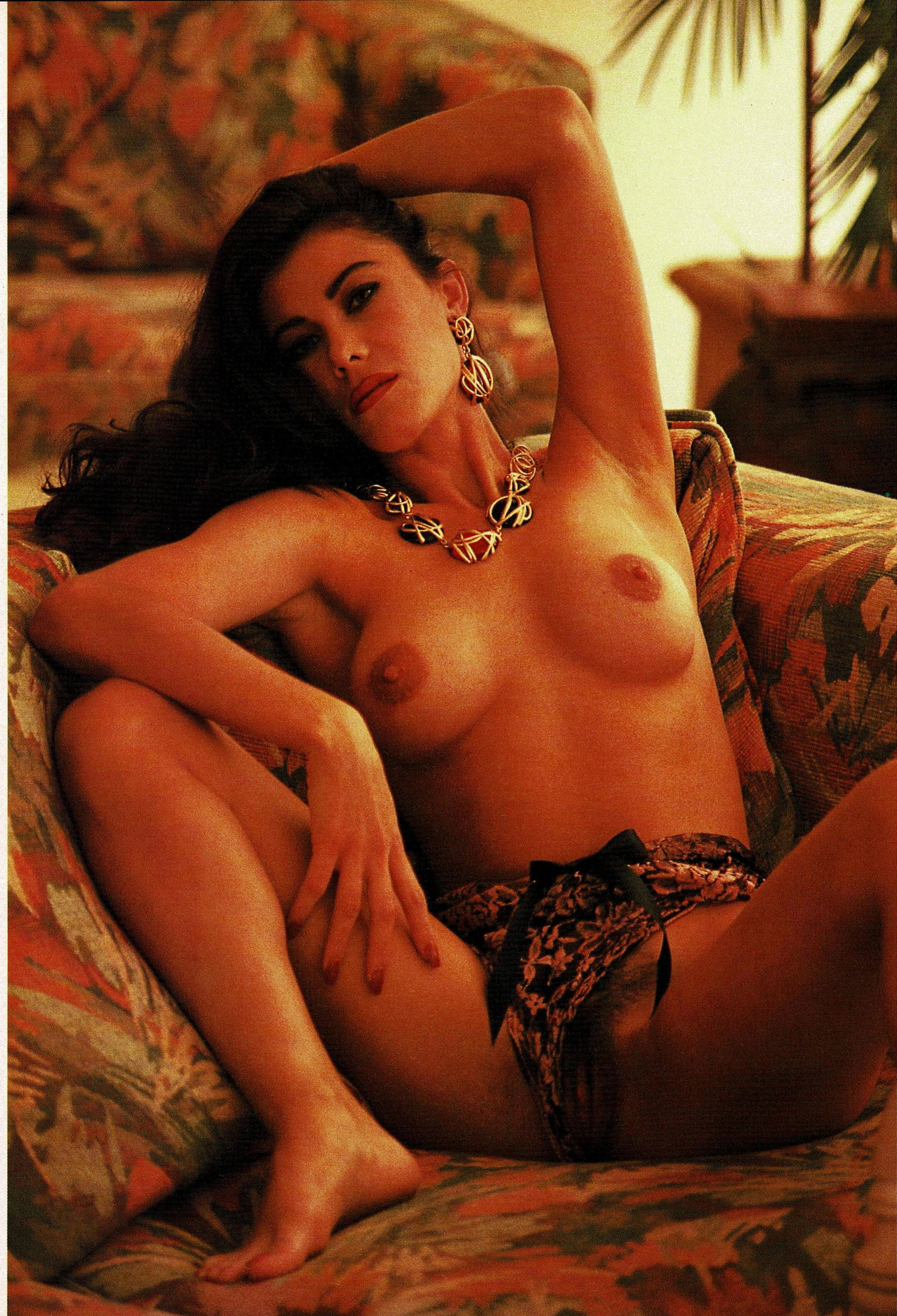
Happy Times



For a girl with the world at her feet, Pet Of The Month Lisa Brooks has a surprisingly simple ambition. "I just want to be happy," says the 24-year-old Sydney-sider when asked what she wants in the future.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

The green-eyed
brunette is a model
and make-up artist
who has had a lot of
jobs, but rates
posing for
Penthouse as the
best she's ever
had. "I believe if you
have it, you should
flaunt it. The shoot
felt very
comfortable, and
the money wasn't
bad either."





The lovely Pisces admits to having two sides to her personality — the spiritual and the raunchy. While she rates her ideal man as a sensitive, funny Aquarius, her favourite singer is the outrageous Axl Rose of Guns 'N' Roses fame.





And while her hobbies consist of volleyball, jogging and going to the gym, her favourite book tackles a far less strenuous theme — astral travel. Even her two favourite animals, dolphins and panthers, are poles apart.





NIGHTLIFE

new york

When the
going gets
weird in New
York's S&M
bars, the
weird get
going

pleasure & pain

New York city slept.

On the second day of the Los Angeles inner-city rebellion, while across the continent a whole city burned, the City That Never Sleeps slept.

The streets were deserted. A few scared, white people scampered into taxis, onto trains — any means of transport that would put them behind the safety of locked doors.

In the late afternoon there had been an exodus like never before, as hordes of New Yorkers, terrified that a race riot was about to engulf them the way it had engulfed their rival city on the West Coast, ran like rats. Commuters actually sprinted through Penn Station, panicked that they were about to be gang raped by roving wolf-packs of Armageddon-Day black insurrectionists.

part 7

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC KROLL



pleasure & pain

Now, in the evening, New York was quiet as death. Nobody, but nobody, was out on the streets.

No-one except me, Al Goldstein, and my date, the heavenly porn goddess, the big-breasted blonde Valkyrie of vice, the fuck of the century — Seka.

We were prowling the lard-scummed streets of Manhattan's meat district looking for action. Not just any kind of action — we had something very specific in mind. Two days earlier, Seka had called me in tears from her home base in Chicago, saying she had busted with her old man, that she was depressed, that she needed a shot of New York.

To distract her while I checked my calendar, I began to talk about the Scene. That's what it's always called, just "the Scene", capitalised, as if it were a separate entity, a beast that had a monogrammed collar attached to its leash. In a handful of clubs and

"Seka was wearing black leather pants that looked like they had been too tight for Catwoman..."

private apartments across Manhattan, New York's S&M aficionados gather in a constantly mutating series of parties, slave auctions, dances and events, known collectively under the rubric of the Scene.

"That sounds great Al," Seka purred to me on the phone. I could tell she was particularly excited about the prospect of whipping the shit out of some poor slave. She had been unlucky in love, and God save the male race when a bitch goddess like Seka has been disappointed.

Seka wanted to witness

degradations. She wanted to see pricks twisted and tortured and tied, buns beaten blue. I've always secretly suspected that women like to watch prize fights so they can see some man get what's coming to him.

Seka was in the mood for blood, and the Scene would dish up whole buckets of it.

Me, on the other hand — I wasn't so sure. The elaborate psychodrama of S&M had pretty much left me cold. Despite my 25 years in the adult business, I was basically a straight-

ahead fuck-and-suck sort of bloke. I like my pussy hot and nasty, not tricked up with pierced labia and laced shut with leather cord.

But I was glad to act as Seka's guide. If she had wanted to take a trip through a toxic waste dump, I would have crawled across cut glass to do her the honour.

For those of you who know of Seka's work in adult films, I probably don't have to explain. To everyone else, I probably can't find the words to communicate what Seka means to the communal fantasy life of America and

the world.

She is a blonde, yes, a platinum blonde cut out of the Jean Harlow-Marilyn Monroe mould. She has a body with curves that make an hourglass look like a straight-edge. Her breasts are the size of mixing bowls, sitting high on her chest challenging you to suffocate in their soft, downy mounds of delicately overheated flesh.

To top it all off, Seka is a cocksucker. Of course Jean Harlow and Marilyn Monroe were world-class cocksuckers, but they didn't do it on the screen, reserving their performances for private shows with septuagenarian movie moguls.

Seka not only sucked cock on screen (in such adult classics as *Careful*, *He May Be Watching* and *Platinum Goddess* but she fucked like a banshee on screen too, splaying her cunt open like some heaving erotic butterfly, slathering her giant tits with come, and then pressing them tight around some stud's bone for a titty jerk-off special.

So when Seka called, I came. After I cleaned myself up, I had my driver pick her up at the airport. I could hardly believe my luck. Seka was flying in from Chicago, straight into my waiting lap.

Dream on, Al. When she appeared at my door, wearing a tight T-shirt and even tighter jeans, she looked like she just stepped out of my fantasies into the flesh.

"I want you to meet my friend, Rachel," Seka said, and from behind her stepped a beautiful, willowy strawberry blonde.

"Hello Al," Rachel cooed, and my libido went rocketing up to the roof of my skull. All names except Seka's and my own are going to be changed here to protect the impotent, but Rachel looked like a "Rachel," a long-suffering bottom girl who could take everything a brash, big-bosomed vixen like Seka could dish out.

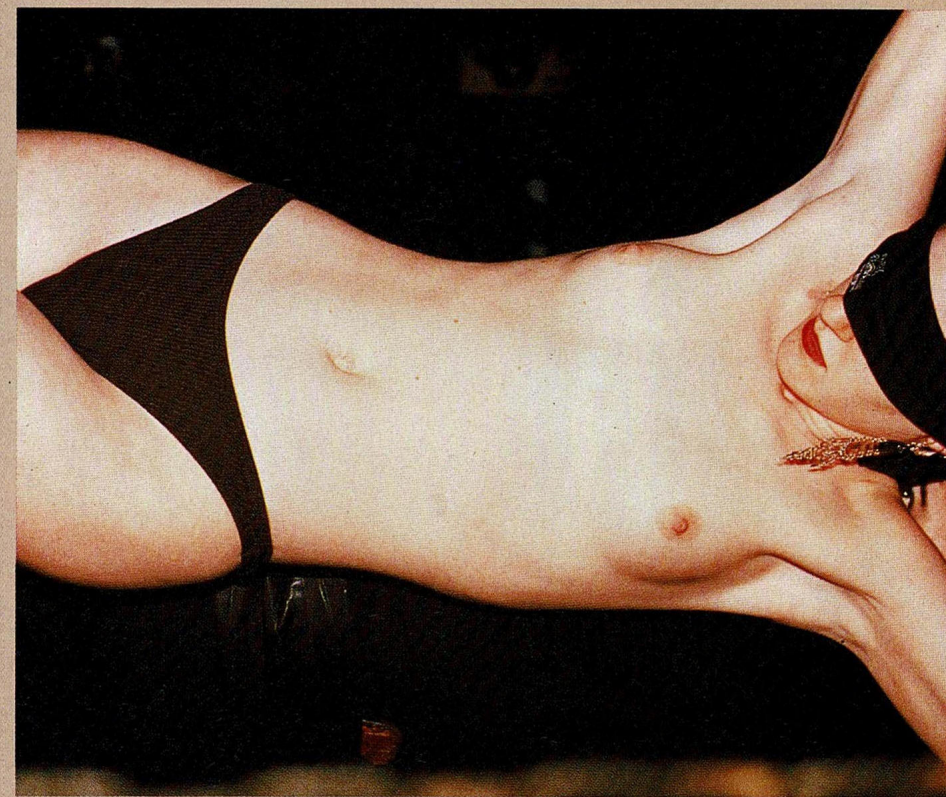
"Thanks for putting us up," Seka said. "Rachel and I are playing fuck-buddies this time around, so we're going to want a room of our own. Where are you going to put us?"

My dream vanished like smoke. Desperate, I took her aside and asked her what was going on. Seka, betrayed by her man, had soured on the whole gender. She was going to be sticking with pussy for a while, she said.

"Sorry Al," she said, her luscious, hot-cherry tongue licking her lips in a wide grin. "Maybe next time honey, but I think if I look at a prick right now I might get mad and bite it off."

My balls retreated into my abdomen in response to that, and I trudged upstairs, leading them into their room.

"I'll put you in the room with the biggest keyhole," I said, only half joking. Already, the thought of hot lesbian sex going on right underneath my roof was reviving my prick and



blessing me with a throbbing woody.

It was like some stupid good-news, bad-news joke. The good news is that Seka will be coming to stay with you. The bad news is that she just turned gay.

Luckily, I was distracted from my situation over the next few days as I watched with fascination as Los Angeles burned. Helicopters hovered with video cameras, showing looting crowds, blacks dragging whites from their vehicles and beating the holy hell out of them. Apocalypse now and then.

Maybe we shouldn't go out tonight I said, after a full day of CNN saturation-viewing. I felt like a wimp but I was scared. I didn't want to die

at the hands of my black brethren, shouting out, "I'm a liberal! I'm a liberal," even as they stuck me with their shivs.

Seka was wearing black leather pants that looked like they had been too tight for Catwoman. She walked casually around the bedroom in her white lace push-up bra, the fleshy pink of her aureoles like two sunrises on her enormous tits. I sat there with my mouth hanging open, drool pooling in my lap.

"We'll be okay, Al," she said, passing a comb through her white-blond hair. "I'll bet you any money those are my fans out there." She pointed to the television set, on which scenes of the looting and sacking of Los Angeles were being played.

That's fine, I thought. I had images of being dragged from the car and beaten while my tormentors asked Seka for her autograph. I decided it would be a good idea to take along my snub-nosed 38, just in case. My driver, Kevin, an ex-New York cop, was packing, also.

Our first stop was the Vault — a vomitous basement club located in Manhattan's West Side, near the docks, where a lot of the Scene is concentrated. This is the meat-packing district, and even on a good night the neighbourhood throws up scenes of unimagined decadence.

Fires from hacked-apart packing crates burn all night long in 50-gallon oil drums, casting a lurid glow on the old, shabby storefronts. Transvestite hookers roam the streets, sucking off truckers from Des Moines who are fooled into thinking they're fucking a

pleasure & pain

woman, maybe — and maybe not. The sidewalks have built up a layer of meat lard from the years of meat unloaded there. The whole area is charged with sex and menace.

Seka, Rachel, Kevin and I clatter down the steps to the vault and a foul, piss-like smell rises to meet us. The biker-type on the door seems unimpressed by my press credentials, but he doesn't take his leering gaze off Seka and Rachel.

"I feel like I've been eye-raped," Seka says as we're let inside. Rachel cowers next to her like the human equivalent of a motorcycle sidecar.

The Vault is a low room with a square bar in the centre, cubicles in the rear, and an open sewer of a bathroom up a few slimy concrete steps to the right. It has the overall feel of an anteroom to Hell.

A group of enormous bikers have gathered around Seka and the terrified Rachel. They're harmless and as excited as schoolboys to meet their fantasy-goddess. Seka laughs and vamps for them like the pro she is.

A slave crawls up out of nowhere, a pale, slug-like man with heavy black horn-rim glasses. He offers himself as a seat for Seka. She takes a napkin off the bar and daintily spreads it over the poor sucker's back, then sits down. Rachel kneels obediently at her feet.

"I'm going to take a piss," I say, but no-one pays me any mind. Seka is soaking up her queenly worship. The bikers are like adoring cherubs flitting about her human throne. In disgust, I stalk off to the john.

"Contributions," asks a perky voice from the shadows. There is a large bathtub urinal, filled with ice. Laying inside it is a hopeless submissive — a hairless slave with a death wish. He holds a large funnel that feeds a tube to his mouth. He wants me to piss into the funnel so he can drink it.

"No thanks, I gave at the office."

Stumbling back into the main room, I witness a group of dominatrices grouped around a man in a sling. His arse is being reamed by a large dildo. In keeping with these safe sex days, the dildo is wearing a condom. Seka is still soaking up the adulation of her biker fans. "Let's go," I say, my head spinning from the scenes I've been witnessing.

"I'm having fun here," Seka says, pouting.

"We got that thing to go to by midnight," I insist.

My cable-television show, *Midnight Blue*, was holding a soiree at another S&M club a few blocks away, and I was supposed to be master of ceremonies.

"Besides," I said, "I want to go somewhere where not every naked tit I look at has a clothes pin attached."

Seka trailed behind me as we left, her biker pals promising to join us at Paddles, the next S&M club on our evening out. They actually did form a

"I decided it would be a good idea to take along my snub-nosed 38, just in case..."

convoy through the deserted streets of the West Side, my stretch Limo being escorted by a half-dozen fully chopped Harley hogs.

"You're late Al," my *Midnight Blue* producer said to me as soon as we stepped in the door of Paddles. He thrust a mike into my hand and turned on a camera.

"Go, go," he said, and I was on.

"We're here with *Midnight Blue* at Paddles, which bills itself as 'The Friendly S&M Club'." I blathered, introducing Seka to the viewing audience. She obligingly fished out her breasts, peeling up her sweater and parting her white lace bra so that the mounds of tit-flesh were pushed together into two pink-brown football-like ovals. They were beautiful. Pretending I was vamping for the cameras, I bent down and licked her nipples hard. The crowd of onlookers cheered.

"Okay Al," Seka said between gritted teeth, smiling gamely all the while. It was the closest I had gotten to her so far during her stay and I relished the soft heat of her skin.

We went from the lobby into the club proper, which was a huge, quite handsome, loft-like space. Marie, one of the Scene's habitues, greeted me warmly.

"Hey Al, is that a pistol in your



pocket or are you glad to see me?" she asked.

"Actually, it's a pistol," I said sheepishly, drawing out my snubnosed 38.

Marie laughed. She surprised me by opening her purse and showing me a small-calibre silver handgun. "Everybody's packing tonight," she said, winking significantly.

Here, more than among the untrammelled degenerates at the Vault, I found a crowd I could get into. There were several dominatrices tricked up in "modern" S&M gear. Not for them the leather-and-whips of the preceding generation. These girls were all haughtily imitating Madonna, their bras and lingerie worn as outer garments.

It was an effective style of haberdashery. Whereas before I had never considered the stiletto heels and black leather garb of dominatrices particularly sexy, these women made my dick ache with longing. They were young and pretty and a couple of them casually bared their breasts. Their dress had the effect of turning me into an instant submissive. I was their slave. I would have licked their boots willingly. It was a brilliant updating of S&M couture, and as I looked around the club, I saw it had spread like wildfire.

"Put your tongue back in your mouth and come with me," Seka said. "I just got offered a private show."

Up on stage, a chocolate-skinned mulatto girl, beautiful and haughty in her black lace corset and garter belt, was dripping wax over the chest of a hooded slave. On my way to the back rooms, I passed directly beneath her gaze, and she gave me a heavy-lidded look, full of promise and threat.

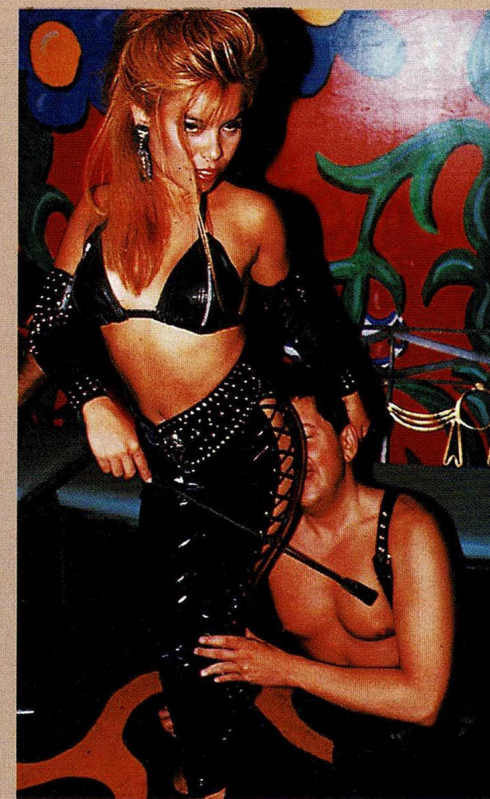


Seka and I were lead by yet another dominatrix — a red-head as beautiful as she was unapproachable — into a small cubicle. Inside, barely acknowledging our presence, there was a long-haired male, dressed in the usual biker garb but bare-chested. Chained to the wall before him was a half-naked, helpless, looking brunette woman. She was bound in some sort of velvet handcuffs, and her panties had been stripped down. Her arse was red from spanking.

The biker guy chose a small dildo from a whole rack of them. He inserted it into the submissive's cunt and began working it methodically in and out. The woman's juice was flowing down her legs, and as the man turned to pick another larger dildo, Seka reached out and rubbed a little on her fingers. Then she trailed them over her face and my moustache and beard, until we were both reeking of female spuzz.

It went on and on like that, the male dominant choosing ever larger dildos, working them into the gaping female sex before him, drawing them out, choosing another. He was up to one the size of a fireplace log when he suddenly changed to his fist, thrusting it deep into the brunette's cunt, rotating it until she groaned in torment and ecstasy.

Seka was hot, and I peeked over to see Rachel's hand buried into the front of her leather jeans, which were unzipped. Her lovely, wispy snatch parted beneath Rachel's stroking. My



own prick was harder than Chinese algebra.

Seka leaned over to whisper in my ear, and for a wild moment I thought perhaps she was going to ask me to fuck her, then and there.

"It's not loaded is it?" she asked, slipping the revolver out of my pocket.

I shook my head, overcome with the audacity of what she was about to do. She crept forward on her knees, carrying the handgun to the submissive's snatch. The dominant moved out of the way as Seka moved in. She inserted the gun into the girl's cunt, moving it in and out as she had seen the dominant do. The woman twisted around to see what was happening to her and locked eyes with Seka. Seka began masturbating herself as she gun-fucked the brunette.

I had to let go over that, and as Rachel was the nearest warm body, I came all over her upturned face. She winced but did not turn away. Seka was watching us, and I think the vision of Rachel with a glaze on her mouth put her over the top. She groaned and writhed in climax, shoving the pistol deep into the hole before her.

It was all over the top, the whole night out. New York never burned, but random mobs roamed the Village, breaking a few windows and shouting for justice.

We went back to the main room and watched the show, spent and exhausted from our private scene in back. I had the gun back in my pocket, and later that week, after Seka and her lesbian fuck-buddy had come and gone, I took it out. It still smelled faintly of a woman's cunt. 



Just Desserts

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Marilyn was so hot for Mike over dinner, she asked him to skip dessert and have his afters at home. "I could eat you," he whispered. "Then do," she sighed.

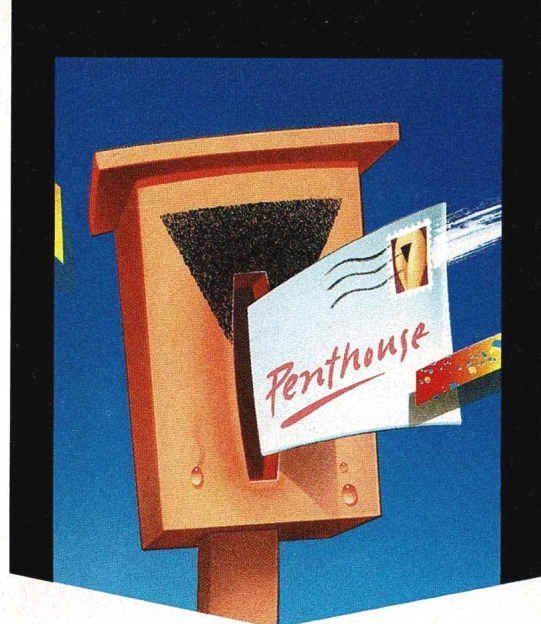




"You're delicious," he told her, "but what else is on the menu?" "Whatever you like," she said. "Everything's on special tonight."







**\$1000
forum**

letter competition winners

\$1000 FIRST PRIZE Thai stick

I've read some remarkable stories in Forum. But I still don't think any of them match what happened to my wife and I in Thailand six years ago. In fact, it was my wife who convinced me to write this letter.

I met Sue while we were in Europe, and as we had both already arranged to stopover in Bangkok on our way home, we decided to spend some time together. At that stage we weren't lovers but very good friends. We also decided that as we had done Europe cheaply, we would splash out and stay at a top hotel in Bangkok (separate rooms of course).

On our first night there we decided to head out and see some sights. We had hardly hit the town when we were approached by a Thai gentleman who discreetly asked if we would like to see a "very special show." I looked at Sue. Her face reflected my excitement, then we both nodded yes. He asked where we were staying, then said he'd meet us there in half an hour. We rushed back to Sue's room and sat around on the end of the bed trying to guess what was going to happen.

Eventually there was a knock at the door, which we opened to find our Thai

friend and a young couple. He told us that before we went any further we would need to pay him. The cost was high but we were too keen to start arguing with him. We paid up, he ushered the couple in, then left.

The guy looked Indian and the same age as us, about 20. He was tall and sinewy, wearing a plain T-shirt and baggy cotton trousers. The girl was probably a couple of years younger, and very attractive. She was of Asian origin, but may have also had some European blood in her. She was considerably more buxom than most Thai women we had seen so far. Her arse was barely contained by her denim shorts and her nipples were obvious through her white T-shirt.

The young man told us to take a seat, relax and enjoy ourselves, so we returned to our positions on the bed. My heart was thumping at a million miles per hour.

The young man stood in the middle of the room while the girl proceeded to dance around him provocatively — running her hands up and down his body, rubbing her erect nipples across his chest and stomach to his groin. She was obviously doing everything she

could to try and excite him. It was definitely having a tremendous effect on me. She then moved away from him and began slowly removing her clothes. First, she took off her shoes, then her T-shirt, to reveal the most perfect breasts I had ever seen. When she wiggled out of her shorts to display her shaven pussy, I nearly came in my pants. Without warning, she suddenly plunged two fingers inside herself and began slowly rotating her hips as she masturbated. Sue exclaimed, "Oh God!" and I looked at her to realise that she wasn't talking about what the girl was doing. Her eyes were firmly fixed on the other half of the act.

He had removed his T-shirt but had left his pants on, although it looked as though he was going to burst through them. Without even being fully erect, the outline of a monster cock was clearly visible.

The young girl now moved back over to him and untied the string of his trousers. Sue and I both let out a "Shit!" as his pants fell to the floor. The cock hanging from between his legs was bigger than I thought could possibly grow on a human. The girl took him by the hand then brought him over to the

bed so that his penis was inches from our faces. As she started stroking it, it raised its huge head until it was looking at Sue eye-to-eye, so to speak.

The girl then said to Sue, "You're welcome to touch it." Sue looked across at me, as if for approval, or maybe encouragement. I told her that she may as well, she wouldn't get another chance like this.

I watched as Sue gingerly reached out and began feeling this Moby Dick. It kept pulsating and growing firmer as Sue continued running her fingers from his balls right along the shaft to the tip, as though trying to register in her mind just how long it was, then using both hands to wrap around it and slide up and down. The Asian girl sat on the floor between Sue's legs and started sucking on his balls. By now I was feeling incredibly neglected and also uncomfortable about my own erection. It didn't help things when Sue suddenly leaned forward and slid her lips over the head of his cock. This brought it to nearly full hardness and made it appear even more unreal. It just seemed so impossible that a lightly built guy like this could have a dick that was so out of proportion with his body (or anybody

else's, for that matter). My estimate is that it was about 11 inches long.

Sue seemed to be really concentrating on giving her best headjob, but her mouth appeared full with not much more than the head inside. The other girl then came up for air and said that she would show how it was done. The guy knew what to expect, because he moved around and lay down on the bed. The girl moved up beside him and crouched with her arse beside his shoulders. Lifting the monster vertical, she started slowly sliding her lips down over it. First the head disappeared, then a few more inches. Her tongue started swishing around, making him all wet as she began bobbing up and down. With each descent more of the shaft would be enveloped. It was one erotic sight.

Because I was so turned on and I knew Sue was too, I became bold enough to ease my hand over Sue's shoulders and start massaging her breasts. She didn't even seem to notice, she was so engrossed by the action on the bed.

By now over half that cock was inside the girl's mouth on the downstroke. I could picture the tip sliding deep into

The response to last May's Forum letter competition was hot. The \$1000 first prize winner was chosen from hundreds of entries from all over Australia. That letter follows, along with two of the six runners-up who each receive a year's Black Label subscription. All winners requested that their names and addresses be withheld. The other runners-up will appear next month.

forum comp

her throat. After a few minutes she stopped with her lips still clamped firmly over him, and adjusted her position slightly, then after seeming to set herself, she began drawing more and more of him into her mouth, until her lips were firmly pressed against the base of his shaft. I could see her cheeks rolling as she continued sucking and swirling her tongue around his cock. To be able to do this, the girl was as much a freak as he was. It was easy to forget that so much cock was inside her throat until she drew back to reveal the head again. For the next few minutes the show continued. The entire shaft would disappear into her mouth, then slowly be revealed. I used the opportunity to unbutton the top buttons of Sue's blouse and rub her nipples with the palm of my hand. She was still captivated by the show, but I finally got a response from her when she began rubbing my cock through my jeans. I felt that I could do anything with her by this stage, she had gone to jelly, so I unzipped my jeans and my hard-on sprang out into her hand. Without hesitation, and without looking, she began jerking me.

Eventually our Asian Linda Lovelace gave the throbbing cock a few last licks then swung around and straddled his

hips. She held the enormous phallus with one hand while steadying herself with the other, then lowered her pussy lips onto the head. It looked really like she was impaling herself on a weapon that would do her damage. They both let out long guttural groans as the smooth bulbous tip pushed its way inside. From where we were sitting, Sue and I had a great view of the girl's glistening pussy opening up to allow the thick shaft to move in and out. She used the same technique she'd used with her mouth — each descent swallowing up more of his manhood. He was lifting his hips to try and drive deeper inside her.

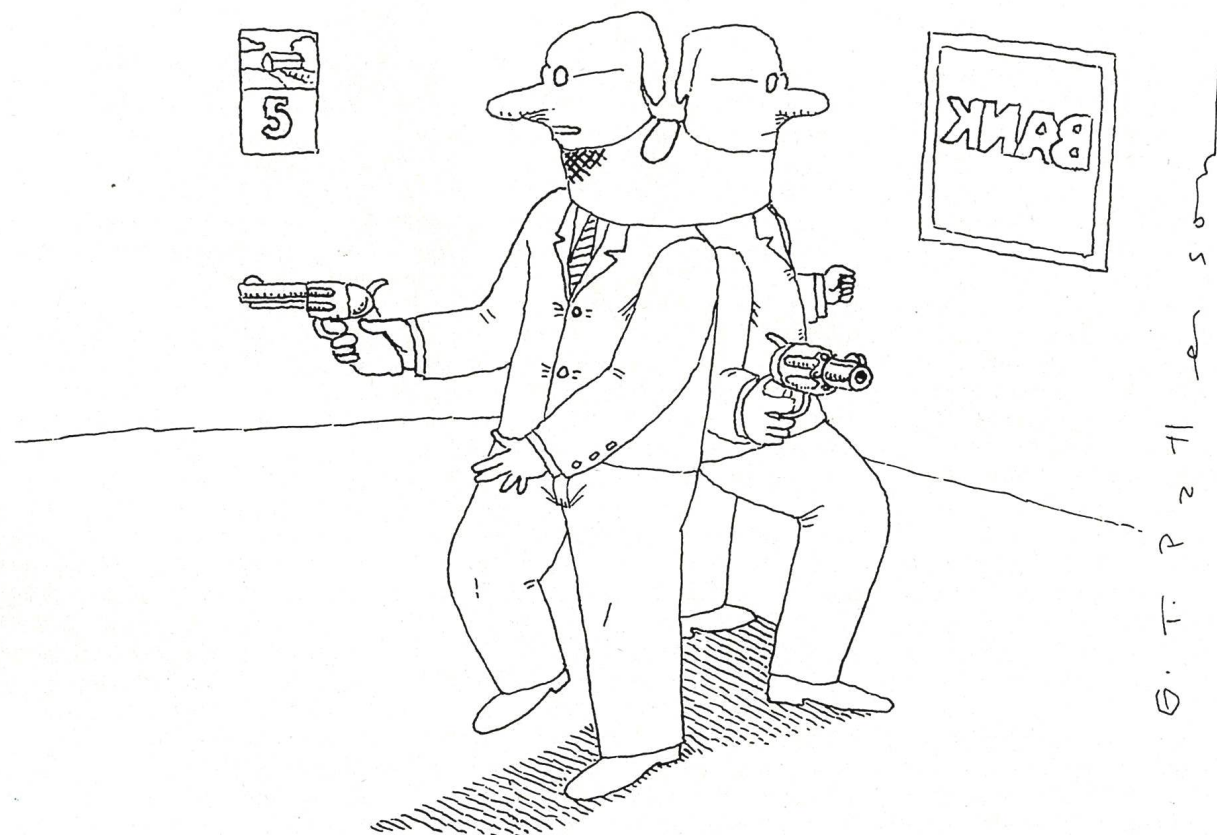
Although Sue never took her eyes off the action in front of us, we were increasingly losing control. I completely unbuttoned her blouse to reveal smooth, heavy but well-rounded breasts and two very excited nipples, then unzipped her jeans and reached in to start rubbing her pussy through brief and very wet, lace panties. One of Sue's hands was covered in my slimy pre-come and was sliding all over my erection, spreading the juices from the tip to my balls. The other hand soon took a dive into her own pants to press my hand firmly against her clit.

Meanwhile, the fucking was getting frantic. He was bucking his hips up and down at a rapid pace, while she was

writhing around on top of his pole uncontrollably and grasping the uncovered base of it with one hand. We could see the muscles in her thighs and buttocks tense up as she squeezed down hard. A long high-pitched cry filled the room as her lithe body was shaken by a violent orgasm.

No sooner had the last spasm wracked her body, when he muttered something through gritted teeth. She pulled herself off his pole, grabbed hold of it and rapidly jerked it up and down. The young Indian started grunting as his enormous scrotum contracted and thick jets of spunk shot high into the air and landed on their bodies and the bed.

I could feel myself getting ready to come in Sue's hand when the girl said to Sue that it was now her turn. She stopped in shock, not knowing what to do, but then removed my hand from her pants and moved up the bed until her head was beside the still throbbing organ. The guy was lying spreadeagle on the bed, panting heavily as Sue wrapped her hands around the shaft and brought it to her lips for another attempt at sucking it. It was obvious that she wasn't the professional the other girl was, but I think this turned me on more. It was fascinating to see Sue so overwhelmed by the gigantic cock. She did, however, do better this



"Didn't they have anything besides panty hoses?"

forum comp

time round. She sucked in about six inches of it and was moving her lips and tongue around as we'd seen the other girl do. Her hands were sliding over his balls and shaft, rubbing in the semen that had dribbled down from the tip.

Once she'd seen that Sue was able to cope on her own, the other girl came around to me and finally started showing me some attention. She pushed me back on the bed and immediately plunged her mouth completely over my now ready-to-explode cock. It wasn't a challenge after what she'd just done. She barely began sucking and licking when I felt the come flow straight out of my manhood into her mouth. She swallowed it all then left me to recover.

Now Sue had her man well and truly aroused again. He was squirming around trying to force himself deeper into her mouth while reaching up and massaging her large breasts. After a few minutes, he lifted her face off him and got off the bed. He took her by the ankles, dragging her to the edge of the bed, removed her jeans and panties and placed a pillow under her hips. I could see the look of apprehension on Sue's face as she watched the freak cock move in between her legs. But it was

obvious she wasn't going to deny him when she reached down, parted her pussy lips with one hand and grabbed hold of his cock with the other. Moaning, she impatiently pulled it into her waiting opening. As he pushed forward I could tell Sue felt a bit of pain, but after a few strokes her mouth opened wide in pleasure and her hands fed more of it into her. I wouldn't have believed it possible, but soon he had nearly all of his monster inside her. With exaggerated hip movements, he would draw out until the head was visible then slide the entire lubricated length back in, hitting her deepest depths and causing her to flinch.

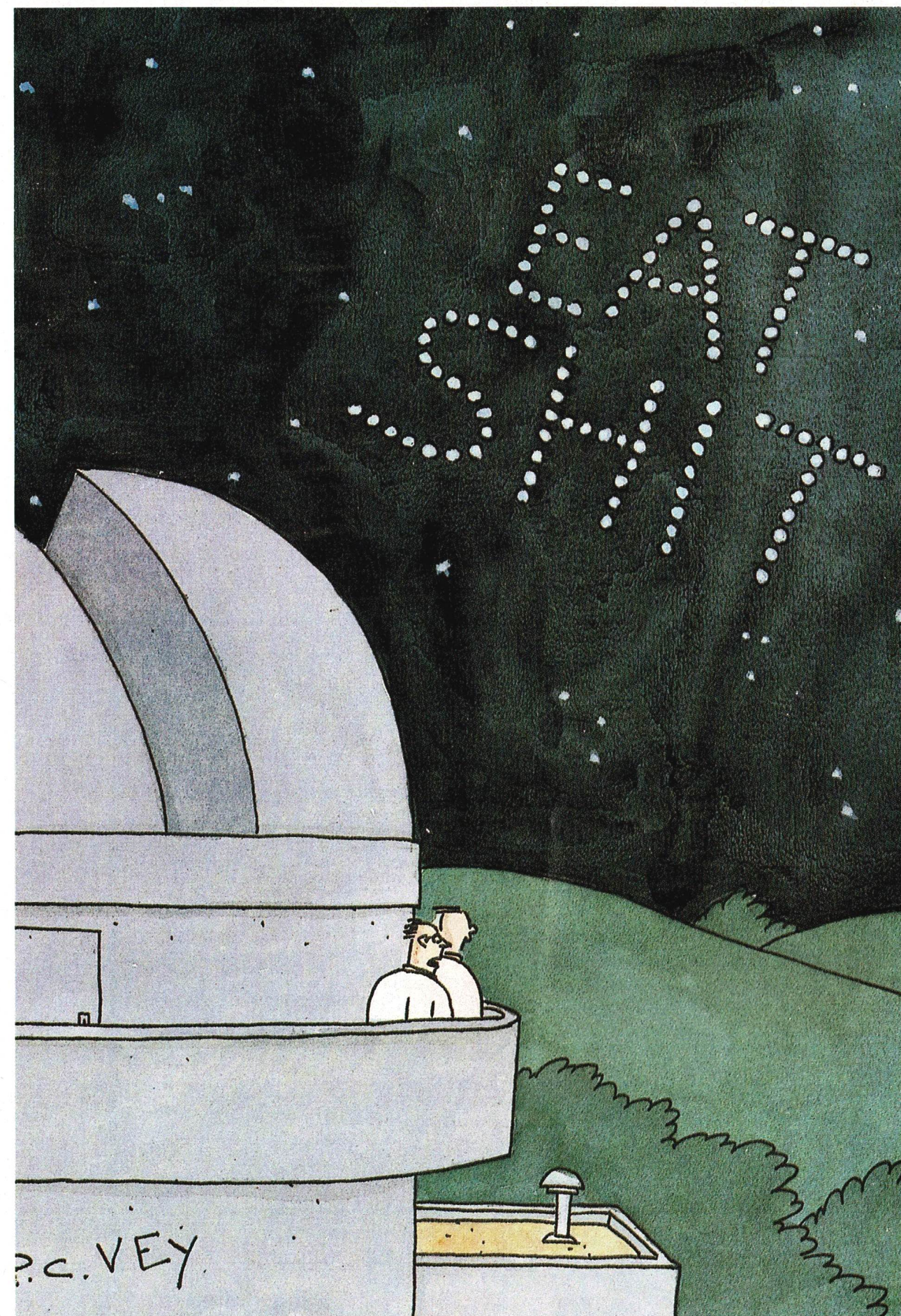
I watched them fuck like this for nearly an hour, going crazy as the Asian girl slowly massaged my cock. Sue came three or four times, each time she did I thought she would snap his cock off inside her. If it was up to her I think she would have kept having orgasms with that cock deep inside her all night.

Eventually his breathing sped up and sweat began pouring down his body to mix with Sue's orgasmic juices. Their pubic hair was drenched and I could hear slurping sounds each time he plunged in. Sue was building to another orgasm and picked up the pace. She rocked her hips up and down and from side to side. This sent him over the

edge. He suddenly pulled out causing Sue to cry out, and began jerking off. Gallons of come began pouring out onto Sue's body. Sue had been in the middle of a major climax and obviously felt cheated when he denied her his special gift. She sat bolt upright, clamped her mouth over the head of his cock, replaced his hand with hers and rapidly pumped his cock. The rest of his come squirted into her mouth, while she finished off her own orgasm with her other hand.

She seemed content to continue, licking the juices off the shaft and tickling his balls, but when he'd regained some strength, he pulled away. He said that they hoped we enjoyed the show, then they both quickly got dressed and left, leaving Sue and I sitting speechless on the bed — me with my cock hanging out and Sue stark naked. I was still horny from having watched those two for so long, so decided to go for it. I practically jumped on Sue. She just fell back on the bed, spread her legs and let me plunge in to her well-oiled cunt. We screwed like crazy all night and went to sleep when we were too sore to keep going.

About a year later I married Sue, and since then we've been back to Bangkok twice to be part of that same show. Last time a different Asian girl participated, but it was just as enjoyable.



"Well . . . if there is other intelligent life in the universe, I'd say they're very, very angry."

forum comp

It's the pleasure that I see Sue getting from that oversized rampant cock that is the real turn-on for me.

Thailand will be our holiday destination for many years to come.—
Name and address withheld

Runners-up

Hot reception

I was recently invited to a wedding by a friend who was to be one of the bridesmaids. I knew the bride, but only well enough to smile at and exchange a greeting as we passed in the street. I would like to have got to know her better but, as the saying goes, she was "out of my league" — a real stunner, with long blonde hair, Irish-green eyes and a face and figure that would have made her a strong candidate for the Pet Of The Year title.

On her wedding day she was more beautiful than I had ever seen her. She was wearing a figure-hugging dress with a low neckline that exposed the top half of her breasts while the folds of the ruffled front could not conceal her protruding nipples.

It was after just a few dances at the reception that the bride came across

to our table and asked if someone could drive her home, as she wished to change and her husband was in no condition to drive her himself. To my surprise, my bridesmaid friend promptly said, "George will drive you — he hasn't been drinking," which was true. The bride gave me a flashing smile and apologised profusely for imposing on me and taking me away from the festivities. I assured her it was no trouble.

As soon as we were in the car she quickly relaxed me with her friendly manner as she chatted away, telling me all about herself and asking me about myself and what I did, and all too soon we had arrived at her home. I told her that I would wait outside in the car but she insisted that I go inside with her, so I settled myself down in the lounge room while she went into an adjoining bedroom, closing the door behind her.

A short while later I heard her call out to me, so I got up and went to the bedroom door and asked if everything was alright. "Can you help me please, my zipper's caught," she said. I wasn't prepared for what I saw when I opened the bedroom door. She was standing with her back to me looking in the mirror, her dress was undone half way to her waist and I could see that she wasn't wearing a brassiere. In the mirror I could see that the front of her dress

no longer tightly clung to her upper body but had fallen forward revealing most of her breasts. "I can't get the zipper to go up or down," she said, resuming her struggle, and exposing even more of her breasts.

"Will you see if you can do anything with it please, George, otherwise I'll never get out of this dress," she said. I moved closer to her and took a firm grip on the zipper but it just wouldn't budge.

"Are you having any luck?" she asked. I said no, but suggested that it might be worth trying to do the zipper up again first rather than keep trying to pull it down.

She put her arms up and held her breath as I made a few attempts to jerk the zipper upwards. Suddenly it was free, and in the same movement I quickly pulled it back down past the point where it had previously caught at the bottom of its travel, at the level of her hips. I don't know who got the bigger surprise, but at that instant the front of her dress dropped, leaving her bare from the waist up. She quickly covered her breasts with her hands and I stammered an embarrassed apology.

She obviously sensed my embarrassment and tried to make light of the situation by saying with a laugh,

continued on page 108

GREAT MOMENTS IN

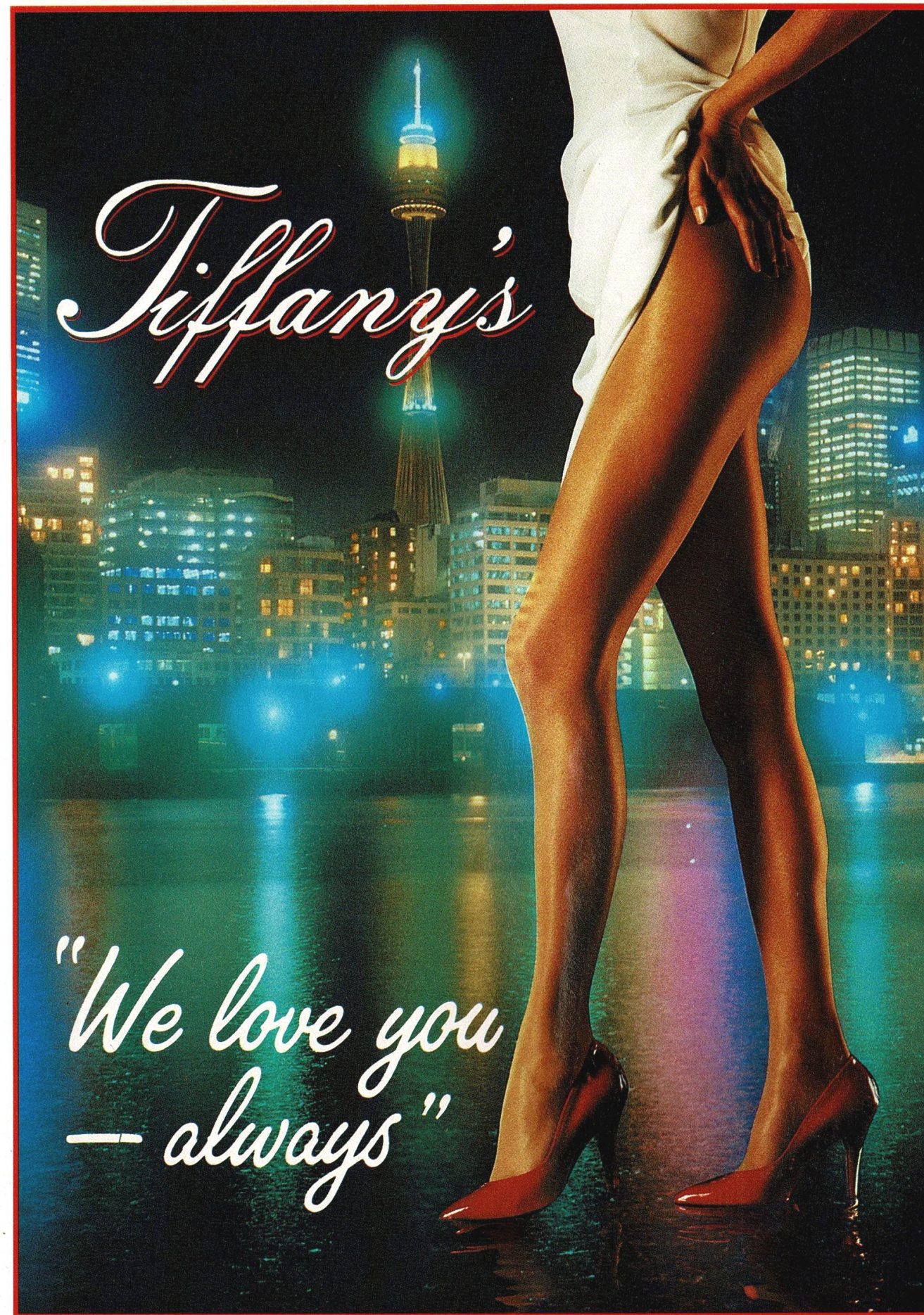
HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

With the insurgence of Native American gangs on the rise, so, too, were the incidents of drive-by shootings.



It was Glenda's favorite pastime at the Exhibitionist's Clinic.



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DARK SECRET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN HICKS
"I like to think I'm a nice
person," smiles 22-year-
old model Raquel Corben,
"but I have a dark side that
only my boyfriends ever
get to see."





"Sometimes I just turn against men, even when they've done nothing to deserve it. Especially when they've done nothing to deserve it." And then? "Then I like to kiss and make up."





stink

continued from page 38

The push for an international airport does not strike you as weird. There are people here who would eat their own young if they could get a fast return on the deal. With hundreds of millions of dollars tied up in dead assets they are going to scream like junkies unless they can mainline some high-volume, fat-margin tourists, and that means the Japanese.

Item. Coffs Harbour Council file No 191890. Development Applications. A report of the City Planner on the Indian Pacific Resort says that the State Pollution Control Commission supports a reticulated sewage system for the resort but advises that the town will need to increase its licensed sewage dumping levels and that approval for "this is unlikely until an alternative disposal system is found." An outfall.

Normally your Emerald Beaches are conservative places. The police concern themselves with lost dogs, garden gnome vandalism, traffic infringements and, on May 23 1992, the disappearance of a "Butter Cup" bread truck, last seen exiting the Sawtell Reserve Caravan Park through a new hole in the fence. The citizens of such

places do not front as anarchists and luddites. They are drawn from the professions — lawyers, architects, GP's and accountants. They pay taxes and vote in elections, conservatively. They would not normally find themselves

“
They would eat
their own young if
they could get a
fast return on
the deal
”

arrested in job lots, as they would not normally set themselves against law and order. Ordinarily, they would not deface their houses and clutter the streets with crude, hand-painted signs declaiming their government and councillors as progenitors of a proto-fascist state.

Item. Statement of elderly male,

arrested during protest at Emerald Beach outfall site. "I'd injured my leg and had sat down to rest when a constable told me to move on. I explained I had hurt my leg and he assisted me to my feet. While he helped me across the track a sergeant came along and said: 'Arrest that man.' I was taken into Coffs Harbour after about an hour's wait in the paddy wagon. We were in the cells for four hours then. There were 12 of us there when eight police came in and told us to line up against the wall. We were picked out one at a time to go to a single cell. Two young people were told to strip in the cell yard. I was told by a constable to empty my pockets. I emptied them and he told me to strip. I refused. He went through the contents of my pockets. He told me to remove my T-shirt which I did, then to remove my jeans which I refused. He said we have ways of making you do this. I pointed out that I was old enough to be his father. He said take off your boots which I did. I was upset. I was humiliated. I am a grandfather of 60 with seven children and five grandchildren. I am retired on a pension."

Item. Statement of woman arrested during protest at Emerald Beach outfall site. "I was arrested with a group of women. On arriving at the lock-up we were told we would be body-searched before being allowed toilet facilities. A



ATTORNEY.

"Would you be willing to produce that erection in a court of law?"

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lady constable walked into our compound putting on a pair of surgical gloves and stated: 'I hate doing this part.' I demanded to phone my solicitor and was informed by the officer that I could not contact my solicitor until they were finished with us."

Item. *Statement of male arrested during protest at Emerald Beach outfall site. "I was up on an excavator when they grabbed me, asked if I was coming down. I said no, so they threw me down, grabbed me and walked me back to the wagon calling me scumbag, fuckwit and maggot. Two had hold of me, twisting my arms painfully. When they got me to the wagon they opened the door with the spare tyre on it straight into my ribs with force. I was charged with three offences, two resisting arrest and one watch and beset."*

On October 12 the Mayor had announced that the sewage outfall would be built at Emerald Beach, just outside town and in the middle of the solitary Marine Reserve. The first protest meeting was held on Bluff Road, near the site, two days later. The TLC declared a picket the following day. On October 16 the first big crowds of residents appeared, drawn by local TV coverage.

They lined up on the banks of the

dune system at the base of the headland. This sort of thing felt new and awkward. A police sergeant told them they were causing an obstruction. They would be charged with a breach of the peace unless they moved. There were 26 arrests that day. Those women present with children were threatened with neglect charges and told the children would be taken by Family and Community Services.

Item. *Statement by a teenager arrested during protest at Emerald Beach outfall site. "I was up a tripod when one cop grabbed my toe, another got my foot, and five or six came for me. I went down, then they were kicking gabbing and punching, twisting my wrist and arm off. My mum was there as they dragged me to the wagon. They threw me against the wheel nut and cut my back. My mum was allowed to take me to the station. They gave me six charges, told mum she was an irresponsible parent. I told them to fuck off and they charged me with offensive language."*

These were the early days of skirmishing and organisation. Outsiders began to arrive from other protests, Chaelundi, the South East Forests, Aidex; this last name puts a shiver on the back of your neck. It's a military trade fair in Canberra.

A thousand peaceniks in a medieval caravan camped outside the National

Exhibition Centre. Squads of cops in overalls with riot batons. None shall pass. For three days you sleep in a ditch by the side of the road. You see the price paid for "nonviolence" as time and again the protesters lines are thrown back with maximum prejudice. You see madness. Eyes rolled back to yellow. Lips drawn up over long fangs. Batons whipping through the air in a blur. Bones cracked. Heads run into the road. Trucks and wagons ploughing through the centre regardless.

Tripods, like the Martians of HG Wells, built from stripped pine trees, 20m high, appearing without warning to block the access road. Protesters scrambling up to sit in the crows nests formed at the juncture of the poles. The cops bringing up their star forwards, "hut hut hut hut", thick necks, strong arms and stone faces. Their violence is more controlled than the desk riders with night sticks. Focussed, a single spear hand strike to the kidneys clears a hole where three cops gone crazy with batons had no effect.

Those tripods drove the cops insane. After a few days they began to appear at Emerald Beach. As the tents were rigged up in the dunes and the first tripods climbed towards the sky, the town folk weren't sure they wanted the

Continued on page 104

SPORTING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

Twenty-five-year-old Tina Slater is a medical secretary with a decidedly bedside manner. "I like to look after people when they're sick," she says, "but I need a fit, healthy man to really get my pulse racing."

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Tina, who lists her hobbies as "sport, sport and more sport", plays tennis, badminton, hockey and touch football. "I enjoy working up a sweat," she smiles.









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Chuck, Susan and Eva



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK HARRISON

It became a truly enchanted evening when Susan and Chuck returned from dinner and a show to find Eva, Susan's roommate, in desperate need of some tender loving care. Her date had cancelled, and not even the bubble bath she had taken could appease her frustration. But Susan knew what she needed. Sharing her boyfriend with her roommate, Susan became an eager audience of one, looking on and applauding with her moans. Waiting patiently for her turn at the mike was one of the many things she would do for love.





The dream girls drifted into ecstasy as Chuck strutted his stuff with commendable rhythm and excellent form. At the final count, all three were delighted by the reviews and ready for an encore.





stink

Continued from page 96

outsiders support. They called them feral. They were dirty. They lived in the forests and had become wild. They seemed the embodiment of savagery.

But as the numbers of arrested increased and as the ferals stood by them day after day, on the barricades and in the cell blocks, as they took their beatings and kept coming back, they earned their place on the beach.

At dawn and dusk families from the middle class villas overlooking the ocean would struggle down through the beach grass and sand with loaves of bread and big steaming pots of soup for them. In return, the ferals would dive under the blades of the dozers, tie themselves to excavators and bury their bodies in the path of trucks. On October 21 the locals threw back the machines, bounced them right off the headland and back to square one.

While the cinematic action played itself out down at the beach, another fight took place in the courts and on the floor of Council. Injunction, appeals, bus trips to Parliament 700km away, all provided a lull until the early hour of 5am on October 28, 1991.

Residents monitoring a police

scanner picked up a message to the media that the big expected raid was on. An elaborate phone tree lit up within minutes and the streets overlooking the headland filled with alarms, cars, parents and children in pyjamas rubbing their eyes. They ran to the dunes where the first defences were already down. Some who had been on site ran to the newcomers mixing up their words, whipping their heads to and fro searching for any more nasty surprises. They described scores of men in balaclavas and jungle cams taking to the tripods with machetes.

Residents ran past to take up positions, chained themselves to trees and machines, climbed tripods, and lay in the path of police vans and workers. All hesitation was gone now, the fundamentals established a long time ago. Three wagons full were taken off.

They were no longer shocked to see an uncle or sister frog marched away. They were not surprised to see a man pulled from an excavator arm to fall onto the shovel. They understood when someone said a policeman tried to gouge out the eyes of a protester who was sitting on the ground with arms locked around his friends. They did not consider it unusual that a woman got a fisting for asking an arresting constable his badge number.

They understood the way of things now.

But there was a strange, otherworldly feeling of suspended animation when the mayor made an appearance at 7am to address the crowd. "Just let me say," he tells them, "I am a Christian."

They fought up and down that headland for weeks, and even though they won in the courts and on the ground, with the cops and the machines having to pull out in the end, nothing was really resolved except the council's intention to prevail at all costs.

They have now hired a PR firm to sell the outfall to the same people they were beating on so recently. The static and bullshit has got so thick you need your decoders going full-time just to get through the day.

People who have lived in the town for generations are moving on. The gut truth of the thing, however, can be found in silence, in the empty corridors of Pacific Bay. The rooms are ticking away in their stillness waiting for the tourists from El Dorado.

No locals will stay in those rooms, or swim on the beach or picnic in the forest. They are not wanted, they are irrelevant. They do not factor into the balance sheets. They have become people down on the foreshore, sold out and moved on, packed off into the margins. 

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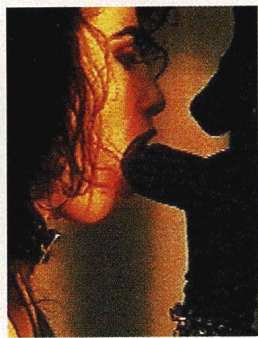
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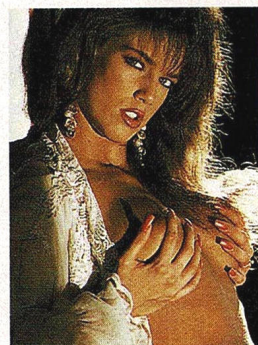
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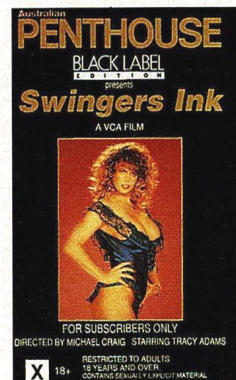
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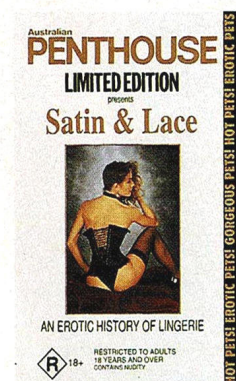
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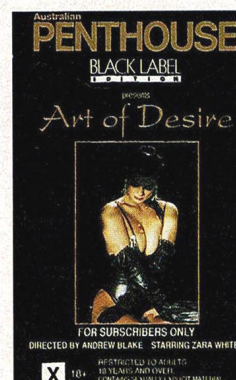
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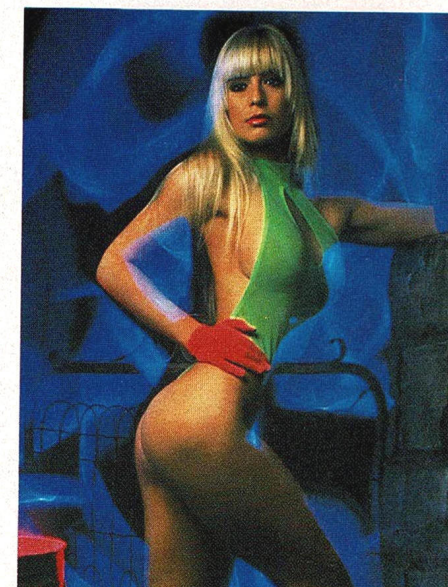
Directed by Andrew Blake of *Night Trips* fame, nothing beats this movie for sheer quality, sensual pleasure and stunning Pets. Only available through this magazine together with our special introductory offer of one month's free subscription with every copy bought. **Exceptional value at \$42.50.**

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Australian Penthouse is very happy to be able to exclusively offer you the X-rated version of this new adult classic. This movie was the 1991



best-selling adult video title in America (need we say more). *New Wave Hookers II* offers a new dimension in kinky sex that is so hot and raw that it explodes with volcanic eroticism. In fact all the action is powerfully supported by the futuristic storyline that expands



rather than inhibits the scope of erotic viewing. No adult video library would be complete without it – so we have kept the price down to **\$39.95.**



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continued from page 86

"That's all right, I'm sure you've seen a pair of boobs before, haven't you?" In my confused state, I found myself stupidly saying, "Not like yours, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life." She looked at me in the mirror to check whether I was putting her on and then turned to face me and said, "That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me in a long time." She dropped her hands, and my eyes fell on her firm 35-inch breasts which jutted out from her body defying gravity. Each one was adorned with a bright pink nipple the size of a fully grown cherry.

I just couldn't resist the temptation. Half expecting to be told in no uncertain manner where I could go, I reached out and gently squeezed her left nipple between my finger and thumb. She drew a sharp breath and closed her eyes, offering no resistance. I put my other hand on her right breast, massaging the nipple under my palm while I continued to squeeze her left nipple. She began to breathe more rapidly and gave a soft moan of pleasure as I took her left nipple firmly between my lips and flicked my tongue across it. She put her hands behind my head and pulled me against her breast, and I began to suck hard on her nipple while rubbing and pulling the other one between my finger and thumb. She was now breathing heavily and I wanted

even more of her. I freed my mouth from her wet nipple and licked my way down to her belly, but she pulled away from me. I thought she had decided that we had gone far enough and that it was time to stop before matters really got out of hand. But as she turned away from me, she pushed her dress to the floor and stepped out of it. She was wearing sheer white stockings which finished half way up her thighs and above that a very brief pair of high-cut silk panties covering only the crease between her exposed buttocks. As she leaned forward to put her dress over a chair I could see the tight blonde curls creeping out from under the thin strip of silken fabric stretched tightly over the centre of her womanhood.

As she turned back towards me, I dropped to my knees, and with my hands grabbing the cheeks of her bare arse I buried my head in her panties, licking the hair curling out at the sides. I lifted her right leg and put it over my shoulder, sucking on the thin material covering the lips of her moist pussy. I could feel her stiletto heel rubbing against my back as she began to grind her pussy on my mouth. Her panties were saturated with her free-flowing juice, and the feel of the wet silk sent a message to my cock that had it threatening to release its load. Pulling her panties to one side I pushed my tongue into her warm, wet love hole making her cry out in pleasure. She quickly disentangled herself from me, pulled down her panties and lay back on the bed with her legs apart, inviting

me to fuck her.

As I pulled off my shirt and pants, my eyes were on the full lips of her pussy, which were parted in anticipation and covered in a wetness that overflowed down her inner thighs. As soon as I was undressed she took hold of my cock and pulled me towards her, taking my five and three quarter inches completely into her mouth and sucking hard. I had to pull it straight out otherwise I would have come in her mouth. She looked up at me and said, "Fuck me." I slipped easily between her wet lips and thrust home. Her whole body tensed, she pulled me down on to her hard nipples, her pussy gripped my cock like a vice and she let out a scream that I thought would bring the neighbours running. It was too much for me and with a sensation that my cock was about to burst I pumped a load into her.

Feeling rather guilty about what had happened (after all, it was her wedding day) I suggested that we really should be getting back to the reception. As we were getting off the bed I made an awkward apology for having taken a liberty with her but she shrugged it off saying, "It's alright. Since I'm not on the pill John and I decided a couple of months ago to stop having sex until we were married. I really needed that, and John won't be in any condition to give it to me tonight."

I left her to dress, and when she came out she looked as stunning as ever. We made our way back to the reception and when I rejoined my bridesmaid friend I was taken aback when she said to me, "You look like the cat that's just swallowed the canary — what have you been up to?" Fortunately, someone else joined the conversation at that stage and I was spared my embarrassment.

My bridesmaid friend has since become my fiancée and while we engage in some passionate lovemaking, for as long as I live I will never forget the excitement and pleasure of my brief "honeymoon" with the bride. — *Name and address withheld*

Come to the cabaret

While travelling about Europe I witnessed some of the most amazing cabaret acts I have ever seen. A group of us, of mixed nationality, were wandering about one evening, exploring. In the red-light district we found a cabaret of sex. This place didn't seem too seedy, looking better than most theatres. It attracted a mixed audience, including groups of couples.

After some discussion, and a little uncertainty from two of the American girls, we decided to see the show. The cabaret was a selection of acts, forming a three-hour show, performed

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continuously from 6pm to 3am. It was now 8.45pm, perfect.

We waited until the current act finished before being shown in. The auditorium was small with tables set about a tiered floor, affording all an uninterrupted view of the stage. We were seated at a long table slightly below stage level. Looking about, I noticed that most of the audience were couples or groups, but there were a few singles, both female and male.

The first act came on, an elaborate piece of theatre set in a studio, featuring a young girl's first experience, a beautifully staged seduction. The acting was good, and the actors attractive. They moved around to give all the audience a good view, the sex was not simulated.

The next act was a very funny comedy about a man getting caught masturbating in a restaurant, while overhearing two women intimately discussing their sexual adventures. This was followed by a traditional musical striptease by a very lovely brunette.

The audience was getting restless, an air of expectation was apparent. My companions were enjoying the show as much as I, the Americans laughing nervously, the young Spanish senorita sitting next to me was embarrassed, but was happy to stay. It was interesting to observe the reactions of people of varying ages and from different cultures.

The show became more risqué, a

tall redhead in jeans and jumper was escorted on stage by two shapely blondes in slave-girl garb. The slaves undressed her, she stood erect, arms held above her head, looking like a living flame from an AGL ad. She was about a metre from us and had hairy arms, arm pits and legs, and a tangled mass of red pubic hair. The slave girls proceeded to shave every inch of her, except her head, then oil her. It was very erotic, all eyes were on the redhead.

The slaves cleaned everything away and disappeared. The redhead remained, holding her pose. A man with a superb physique entered from a side door. He was wearing leather jocks and a singlet. He moved through the audience, playing to the women. Some just stared, one fondled him. He had two women in evening dresses, sitting with their husbands, remove the singlet and suck his nipples. He encouraged a girl, who was with an older couple (her parents?), to dance, holding her tight against him. He kissed her, his hands roving all over her, then raised the back of her skirt, slid down her panties and fondled her crotch.

Making his way to the stage, groping and being groped by various women, undressing one and kissing her mound, he paused before one of the American girls, insisting she remove his jocks. After a woman that looked like a headmistress said something to her, she complied. He stayed in front of her, masturbating. His cock was quite big, she was mesmerised. He moved closer to her, eventually touching the head

against her lips. She involuntarily opened her mouth to him, sucking him. Satisfied then, he went to the stage, and lay upon a divan the slaves had brought in. The slaves taking turns sucking him, the redhead went over, turned, stood astride him, then crouched, engulfing him with her wet pussy. The redhead rode him, their joining highlighted with a spotlight, her bald vagina almost glowing, all eyes riveted. He appeared to come, then started to fall out of her. The redhead stood and walked to the front of the stage. Standing with her legs slightly apart, the spotlight on her pussy, she flexed her abdominal muscles and semen came out of her then ran down her legs.

Another act started. It was a Roman orgy theme and many of the audience joined in. The girl who was with the older couple was stripped on stage, a huge negro had sex with her while she gave oral sex to another woman. Eventually the orgy ended, we all sat through it absolutely amazed.

The stage cleared and the lights dimmed. A statuesque, very good-looking blonde came on wearing a white satin robe. She moved to the front of the stage then opened and dropped the robe. She was naked, with a beautiful tanned, taunt body, large firm breasts and a shaved pussy so that her labia could be seen. I could see no sign of arousal. She stood relaxed before us, hands by her sides, flat footed. She smiled at the audience, then closed her eyes. Going into some sort trance her breathing became deeper, rhythmic, her breasts getting larger, chest flushing, she parted her legs slightly. Her labia were more pronounced. She fell deeper into the trance, her breathing shorter, rushed, her nipples hard. I watched fascinated as her labia slowly parted, a little moisture visible inside. Still with her hands by her sides, she was squeezing her thighs together, rocking her hips, her breathing becoming more rapid. Moaning, she spread her feet, parting her thighs, still rocking her hips at us. I could see the moisture on her thighs and around her opening. Her moaning increased, she was thrusting her hips at us, she was wide open. She grabbed her breasts, squeezing them hard. Her labia were flaring like her nostrils. She thrust at us hard, her thighs trembled, then her stomach and crotch. She cried out as her labia opened wide, juice gushing out, splashing her thighs and the stage. I think a few drops hit my face.

The slave girls returned. They helped her from the stage. I, like most of my companions, sat like a stunned mullet. As we prepared to leave, I realised the senorita had shared the blonde's orgasm. I helped her home. — Name and address withheld

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ROCK ON



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE
"Punk's not dead," claims Vicki X, the British-born leadsinger of a thrash-rock band. "The spirit of the mid-Seventies lives on in the music of today, and some of us still walk it like we talk it."

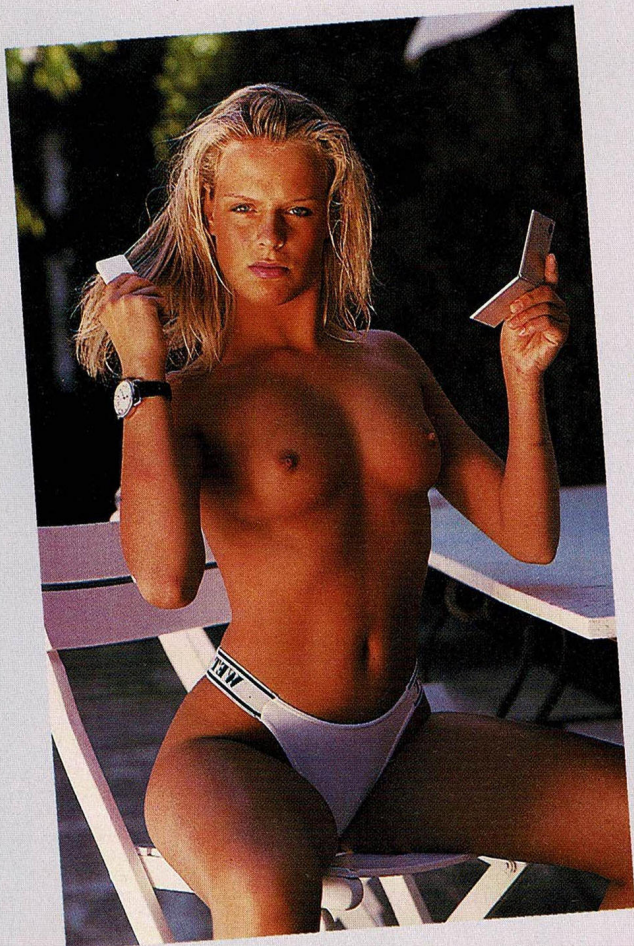


Vicki, 18, was only two years old when the first Sex Pistols single stormed the UK charts, but says she believes in "anarchy and freedom." In Vicki's life, there are no rules.



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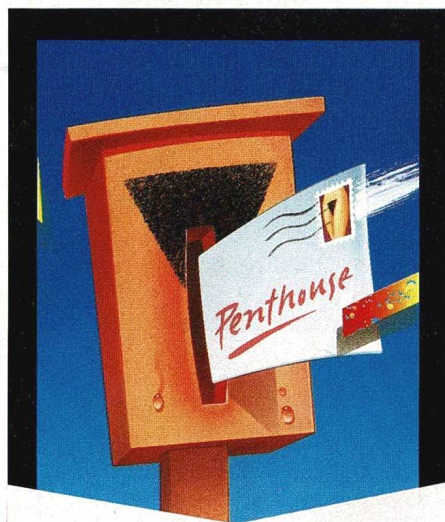
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forum

continued from page 8

comfortable position she opened her eyes and looked over at me.

Potentially very embarrassing; there I was caught holding the evidence as it were, but for a long time she just stared at the bulge in my pants, not saying or doing anything, and all I could do was sit there getting harder and harder. Then her eyes left my crotch and we stared at each other. She gave her left nipple a squeeze and moaned softly. I slid out

of my seat and sat beside her, draping her leg across my lap and capturing her left breast in my hand. As I squeezed and fondled her, she reached down with her now free left hand, unzipped her cutoffs and slipped her hand into them. And just when I thought I couldn't get any hornier, I felt her other hand unzip my pants, reach in and pull out my cock. I wouldn't have believed this could happen with people only ten feet away.

By now I couldn't help myself, I wanted more. My hand followed hers into her cut-offs, under her panties and into the hottest, wettest pussy I have ever felt. I slipped first one finger, then a second into her and started to stroke her clit with my thumb. She moaned into my ear and I nearly came on the spot. "Fuck me," she whispered, "for God's sake fuck me."

I didn't need telling twice. I had those cut-offs off fast, and pushed my own jeans and jocks down around my knees. She swung herself up onto my lap, straddling me with her back to me. Then using one hand to hold herself open, she guided my cock into her hot, tight cunt with the other. The only thought in my mind was that I was on a bus fucking a woman whose name I didn't even know.

It may have been the fear of discovery, I don't know, but for whatever reason

she came in a matter of seconds. I followed suit, having the most awesome orgasm of my life.

Afterwards we dressed, and a couple of stops later she got off the bus before it occurred to me to get her name. So far I haven't seen her again. I am still taking that bus home, even though I have my car back. So if you're out there baby, you know where to find me.

— Name and address withheld

Holiday Inn

It was a sultry afternoon in the summer of '91. My best pal Jay had called me a few days earlier and suggested we get together some time this week as he wanted me to meet his new girlfriend, Tiffany. As mates we could never go wrong, and I thought this a great opportunity to get together again, as we hadn't seen each other for some time.

So I packed a few essentials and along with my girlfriend, Stacey, we left our modest Gold Coast flat and headed for the small north coastal town of Bribie Island.

Upon arrival the reunion was quick and painless and we didn't waste anytime in arranging the evening's activities. Now all we needed was Jay's girlfriend Tiffany to appear. Soon the bathroom door opened, steam escaped into the lounge room and there stood

Tiffany wrapped in a pink towel with golden ringlets dripping down into her cleavage. Her eyes and mine locked in lustful interest. Tiffany apologised for lack of punctuality while Jay immediately proceeded with introductions. I greeted Tiffany with a friendly kiss. She replied by running her tongue along the inside of my lips. I instantly became hard, which luckily was unnoticed to everyone else in the room.

Tiffany excused herself and left to get dressed, I would have loved to follow her.

Stacey broke my concentration by suggesting that Jay and I should get some liquid refreshments from the store while she and Tiffany got more acquainted. By the time Jay and I returned, both girls had popped a disco biscuit and were full of lustful intentions regarding each other's boyfriends.

At this point in time it was getting late into the evening, Stacey invited me to join her in the main bedroom to talk in private, but little did I know what she had in store. With bourbon in one hand and Stacey on the other, I slipped into the main bedroom where Stacey confessed her attraction for Jay and to my surprise her attraction to Tiffany as well. When I told her what Tiffany had done, it just heightened her sexual excitement.

We decided to invite Jay and Tiffany

into the room and when they arrived we switched on the light and let them have an eyeful of Stacey's brown snatch. I asked Jay if he would like to dine and without any further waiting, he was munching and licking on my girl's pussy, much to Stacey's moaning delight.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was slowly undressing. She stripped right down, leaving only her French knickers intact in full expectation of my capitalising on the fur surprise which lay beyond. Tiffany then lay across me, while Jay continued his wholesome helping of Stacey's doona-tuna.

I began to suckle Tiffany's nipples like they were my only life support system. I softly chewed and pulled with my teeth until they were an erect rubbery delight. Meanwhile my right hand slipped ever so securely over the front of Tiffany's firm box. My tricky quivering middle finger wiggled and wormed its way frantically over the moist wet patch on her knickers and under her panty line then lodged deep into her aching arch.

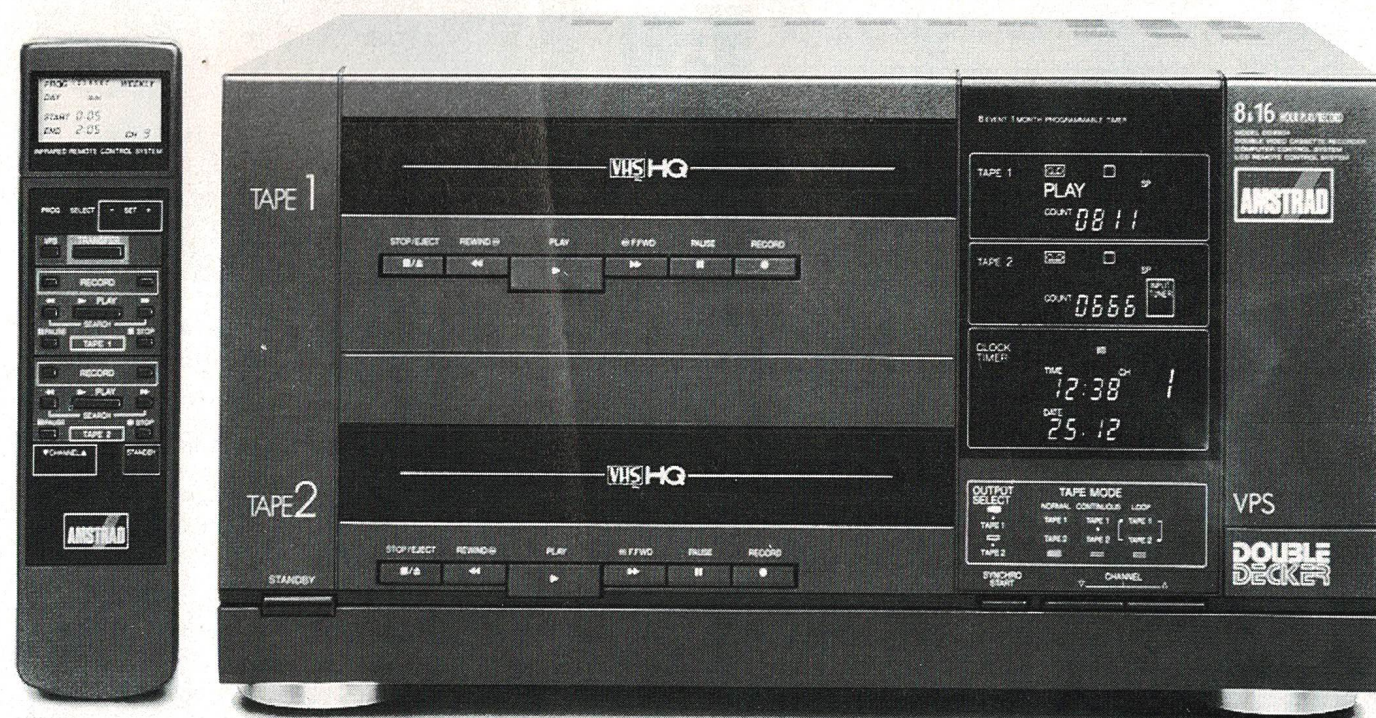
It was all becoming too much for me, so I tore Tiffany's French knickers away at the elastic and proceeded to grovel into her crying chasm.

Meanwhile Jay and Stacey were well underway as he was fully erect and feeding my girlfriend's cock-hungry cunt, more than satisfying her vaginal appetite.

With the taste of Tiffany's inner sanctum deep in the back of my throat, I became more rigid than a northern ice flow.

With my balls lodged deep in my scrotum, my jock rocket launched into her awaiting hornet's nest, fueled by the fire of serpent's venom running through my veins. I was punishing in my delivery, the visual aspect of the orgy was a feast to behold. Jay continued to hammer my girlfriend into the bed head. As I ground slowly, my back arched and rose like a hurricane torn suspension bridge. I lowered my hand and slipped my finger into her hot, wet come-crater, jiggling my finger in and out as my vein-train railroaded above it, lubricated by her sweetly scented love custard. She smelt so fine, I had to once again indulge in a fornicative feast. Stacey sprayed Jay with her come. Jay didn't waste any time and seized the opportunity to quench his hard-earned thirst on her zest. Jay gobbled a gutful, his face a sticky mass of my girlfriend's bodily juices. He continued and feasted on Stacey's flaps, then rolled them around his palate like a fine vintage wine. Simultaneously, Stacey and Tiffany kissed passionately as Jay and I worked on their bodies like slave labour. Their tongues came together with their lips touching, curling around each other like Spanish dancers while my balls clicked

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forum

in and out of Tiffany like castanets.

I could not hold any longer, my lead flute rose to the occasion, it played its final tune and opened in full glory with a chorus of seminal ecstasy. As I came, her craving pussy soaked up my sperm like a hot thirsty desert soaking up its first seasonal rain. Biting my bottom lip I let my body flow into hers, slowly diffusing my testicle time bomb, but Tiffany wanted more. A self-confessed come-junkie, she bent down on me to gorge on my bean meal. She began to draw strings of come from my trouser puppet as if she were drawing them from the base of my spine. I sweated feverishly and tears ran from my eyes as I fought to contain myself. Tiffany began to cough and splutter as my puppet's pantomime reached beyond expectations. Her feast over, she licked her shining cherry-red lips and proceeded to scavenge for more of my spunk.

The party over, we rested, but the best of our holiday was about to come. — *Name and address withheld*

Secretarial duties

Every secretary and boss have fantasies about each other. It was somewhere between the months of

March and May. My manager Andrew asked me to work back and, being a dedicated employee, I agreed. As it took an hour to get home, I explained that I could only stay for a couple of hours. Little did I know what was about to happen.

Andrew explained that he and Kimberly needed to be interstate by 8:30 and the job had to get out tonight, so he left me with the computer and a load of work. I couldn't help overhearing him in his office talking to Kimberly and I started to imagine what it would be like to have Andrew's cock in my mouth, his balls on my chin, and Kimberly's large tits on my stomach. It doesn't take much courage to put your fantasies into reality when you are a young and single woman. As I was nearing the conference room where they were talking, I was trying to think up an excuse for disturbing them without sounding too eager. I didn't knock, just walked right in.

As I entered the room I knew my fantasy was going to become reality. Andrew paused only for a few seconds to raise his head from Kimberly's soaked pussy. From where I was standing, her auburn pussy was filtering in the sunrays and seemed to gleam with anticipation. "Would you like to join us, or watch first?" Kimberly said softly.

Kimberly positioned herself on the

conference room table and while Andrew was busy indulging her clit, I was crouched on the floor with one hand fondling his balls, and the other searching for Kimberly's cunt. I could hear Andrew's moans as Kimberly called out for him not to stop licking her. As I pumped Andrew's cock from under the table, I told him to blow on her breasts. She quickly sat up and collected his load down her tits. She lay back down breathing heavily and I jumped in and started licking her pussy. It was the first time I had tasted pussy and I told Andrew to rest a while and watch us. I asked Kim if she minded me licking Andrew's come off her tits, she told me to go ahead, and my tongue flicked each of her nipples. My fingers were running down her thighs and I placed them into her moist pussy. Kim suggested that we both get undressed and she instructed me to lie down on the table. I had never had another woman go down on me before but I had always dreamed of it. I knew as soon as Kim hit my clit that she had done this before, and I eagerly pulled her head into me. Kim's tongue was exploring me with delight and brought me instantly to climax. Andrew in the meantime, while watching Kim suck me, had worked his cock into a huge erection and wanted action.

As Kim and I positioned into a 69, Andrew disappeared then returned with a strap-on dildo. Kim was on top with her head in between my thighs. Andrew couldn't hold out any longer. He forced his big cock into Kim's arse just when we were both coming. I couldn't stop licking her pussy.

Andrew was pushing his cock in Kim harder with every movement and Kim was enjoying the dildo I was thrusting into her at the same time. I strapped on the dildo and pumped her cunt. Although I couldn't get the real feeling of what it was like to actually fuck a woman, I was excited by the sight of her protruding clit.

We all wanted to climax at the same time, so Kim strapped on the dildo and suggested I position myself up against the bar. The dildo glided in between my lips with ease. Kim thrust forward with force at the same time Andrew moved in her pussy. The rhythm of the three of us got faster and our bodies became hotter with each movement. Kim and I fondled each other's clit while Kim's other hand fingered my anus. Andrew forced two fingers up Kim's bum, and that was the start of the climaxing chain.

I went home that night and climaxed myself to sleep with a hand from the nine-inch dildo. The next time I saw Andrew was in the photocopying room, but that's another story. — *Name and address withheld*

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Tune-up

I had just finished another hot, hard day at work, when a mate dropped me off at the garage where I'd left my car for a tune-up.

I walked to the front counter waiting for someone to serve me, when I heard a woman's voice cursing from behind the desk. I peered over and saw an attractive, well-built blonde on her hands and knees shuffling around in a mass of papers. "Do you need a hand?" I asked. She looked up startled. "Sorry, I didn't see you there," was her reply. She stood up, straightened her skirt and blouse and asked what I wanted. Her name was Lisa and her stunning beauty hit me as our eyes locked momentarily. She wore no make-up at all and looked in her middle thirties. She had shoulder length blonde hair and was superbly proportioned.

When I managed to catch my breath, I told her who I was and informed her I was there to pick up my car. She then proceeded to punch information into the computer, when the mechanic came over and told me my car was not ready but it wouldn't be long. I waited and she got me a glass of cold water which I gulped down greedily.

The mechanic came over to the desk and told Lisa he would have to rush off down town to get the parts to finish my car, so she decided to close up as it was five o'clock. I was seated near the front desk when a call came through. She had moved into the back of the room and yelled for me to come in and help her a minute. She was up the ladder placing a box back on the shelf and asked me hold the ladder steady. I couldn't help but stare straight up her tight short black skirt. I almost fell over backwards, when I saw her firm, bare arse just above my face. She turned and caught me staring at her and asked me if I liked what I saw. "Y-Y-Yes," was my stunned reply. She asked my age and I told her I had just turned 21.

"Have you ever made love to a 33-year-old woman? Because if you want to, we had better hurry before Brian gets back."

As I helped her off the ladder she turned and gave me a deep passionate

kiss, her hands undoing the button and fly on my pants, letting them fall to my ankles. I lifted her tight skirt above her hips exposing a thinly shaven strip of pubic hair. By this time my jocks were also around my ankles and she was pumping my hard shaft with her hand. I removed one leg from my pants enabling me to walk without falling over. I pushed Lisa against the desk, at the same time undoing her blouse and bra, exposing a small but firm pair of breasts. As I moved forward to lick her swollen nipples she dropped to her knees and started licking the length of my pole.

She teased me a little looking into my eyes asking, "Do you want me to suck it?" All I could do was nod my head as she took my cock into her mouth, sucking it with great enthusiasm while massaging my balls with her fingers. I lost control quickly while watching this blonde nymphet devouring my hot rod between her luscious lips. She knew I was at my peak as she leant back and milked my rod, spraying her neck and heaving breasts with my come.

I picked her up and sat her on the desk, rubbing her already moist pussy. I licked my way down from her neck to her hot love tunnel. She let out a whimper of pleasure as my tongue explored her depths, licking deep and then moving to toy with her clit. She

grabbed a handful of hair and leant further back as I started sucking at her hole. Her legs clamped around my neck as her body started to buck and quiver. She gave a small moan and nearly strangled me as she was overcome with pleasure.

She sat back up and gave me a small tender kiss before positioning herself on all fours on the reclining chair. Wiggling her arse in the air she said, "Seeing you like my tight little arse so much why don't you fuck it?" I didn't need a second invitation as I rubbed her pussy and arse together, getting her hole well lubricated. I inserted one finger then two, moving slowly at first then faster. I gripped my cock pushing it slowly into her arse as she moved back until she was impaled on my shaft. I started moving faster, banging my balls on her cheeks, giving her my whole length. It didn't take long before we were heaving and panting as we moved in unison.

She pushed back and said, "I'm coming give it to me, pump me!" I couldn't hold back any longer as I shot my warm load into her sweaty arse. As we calmed down she pushed up hard against me one last time giving herself a final wave of pleasure.

We were both dressed and had just walked out of the store as we saw Brian pull up. He walked into the garage

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whistling and told me the car would soon be ready.

Lisa handed me my keys and said, "I hope you enjoyed the service and we'll see you back here again." — *Name and address withheld*

Room to let

Last year I had the most wonderful experience of my short sexual life. I am a 21-year-old female university student and recently I was looking for a new house to move into. I rang an ad in the local paper for a room to let. It sounded interesting and very convenient to the campus. I arrived at the house and was met by Tina, a stunning blonde. She showed me around the house, which she explained was being rented by her husband and herself. She said that her husband Stephen travelled a lot for his job and that she was lonely in such a big place on her own. The room looked wonderful, so did the house, with a large swimming pool and beautiful yard.

Tina showed me the gym and I commented on the massage table in the corner. She informed me that Stephen liked to work out and have a massage. She invited me to have one.

My answer was yes, of course. I took off my clothes and lay face down on the table. Tina's small but strong hands massaged my neck and shoulders and then down my back and legs. Tina then started to massage my feet, something I love. This was beginning to turn me on. She asked me to roll over and she started to work her way up my legs and then to my inner thigh. Tina looked at me rather seductively and asked if I was enjoying this. To my surprise, a low moan and "yes" escaped my lips. This must have been the cue Tina was waiting for, because she started to rub my very hot pussy and my clit. This felt wonderful, and I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation. Tina slid two fingers into my pussy, and with her other hand she reached up and started rubbing my large tits. Tina said that she often got lonely when her husband was away, and she fantasised about playing with large tits like mine.

Tina and I were ready for some more action and we headed off to her

bedroom grabbing some wine, an ice bucket and glasses as we went. I poured us some wine while Tina slid out of her clothes. We kissed deeply and I started towards Tina's small, firm breasts, biting Tina's nipples and cupping her luscious tits while she was playing with my pussy.

Tina told me that she was very hot and would love to lick my pussy. I was lying on my back on the bed while Tina gave me the best tongue-fuck ever. I have often fantasised about making love to another woman, and this was the first time. Tina worked her tongue down to my arse and was licking my hole. This really turned me on. Tina then went back to my cunt, and to my surprise she gently slipped her finger in my arsehole and sucked my clit.

Just then Tina looked up, and there was her husband Stephen watching us. He asked if we minded him joining in. I didn't and nor did Tina, so he came and lay down on the bed. I told Tina it was my turn to please her. She lay back and I went for my first taste of pussy, Tina smelt wonderful. Stephen was watching us both and the bulge in his pants was growing larger. When he had undressed he lay down on the bed next to us again and began to kiss Tina and suck her nipples.

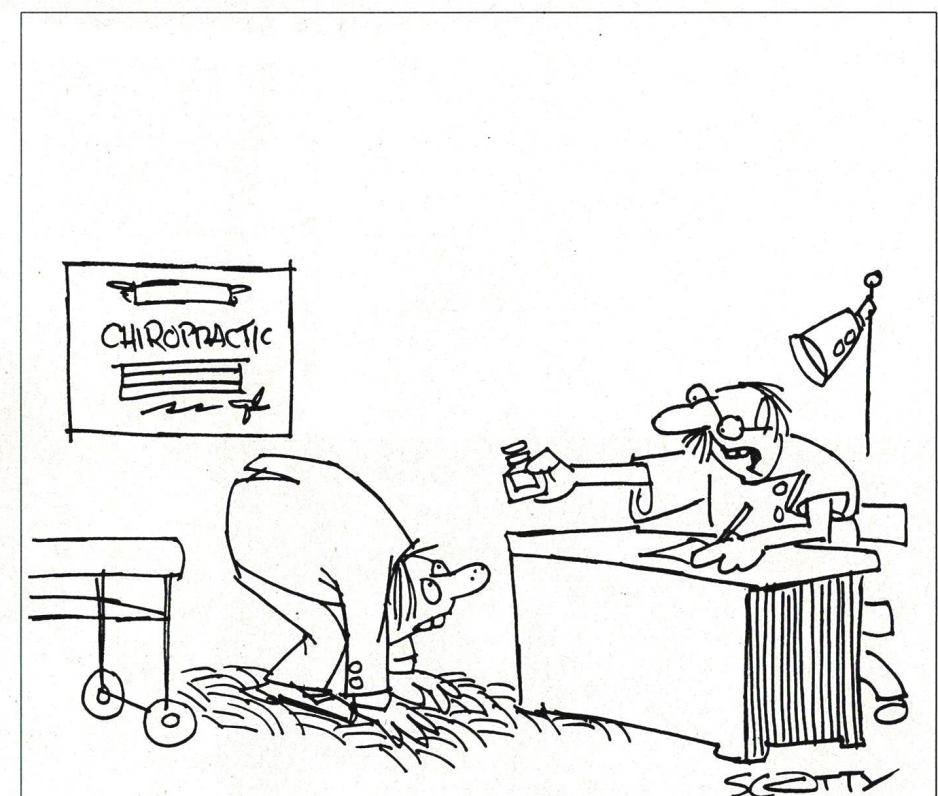
I had two fingers in Tina's cunt and was licking her swollen clit. Tina started to writhe in ecstasy then she started

screaming for us not to stop as she was coming.

I bent to kiss Tina and thank her for a wonderful experience. I could not help but notice Stephen's wonderful-looking cock and I asked Tina if she minded me sucking it. She said go ahead and I took his cock in my mouth. He was so large, I worked my way down his shaft slowly, and I started to take his balls in my mouth one at a time.

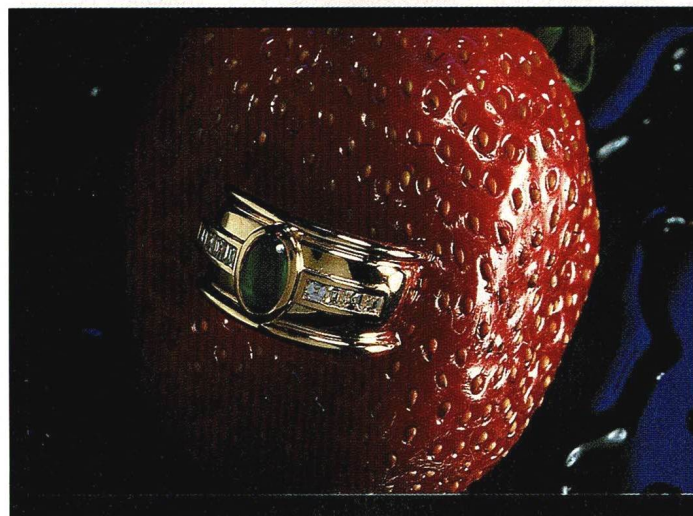
Tina had reached under the bed and pulled out a vibrator, which she pushed into my cunt. This felt great and I started to pump Stephen's cock in my mouth. Stephen told me he wanted to fuck me but not my cunt, my arse, so I lay on my back with my legs high in the air. Tina sat on my face and I licked her cunt while her husband started to pump my tight arse. This felt wonderful, and I was on the verge of coming again when Tina lent over and grabbed some ice cubes from the nearby ice bucket and shoved them in my hot cunt. I was screaming, my mind was being blown away with the sensation and my body rocked with the waves of pleasure. Stephen then announced that he was going to blow. Tina begged him to come on her tits. He withdrew from my arse and let forth a gush of come all over Tina's tits and stomach. They both collapsed into each other's arms.

— *Name and address withheld*



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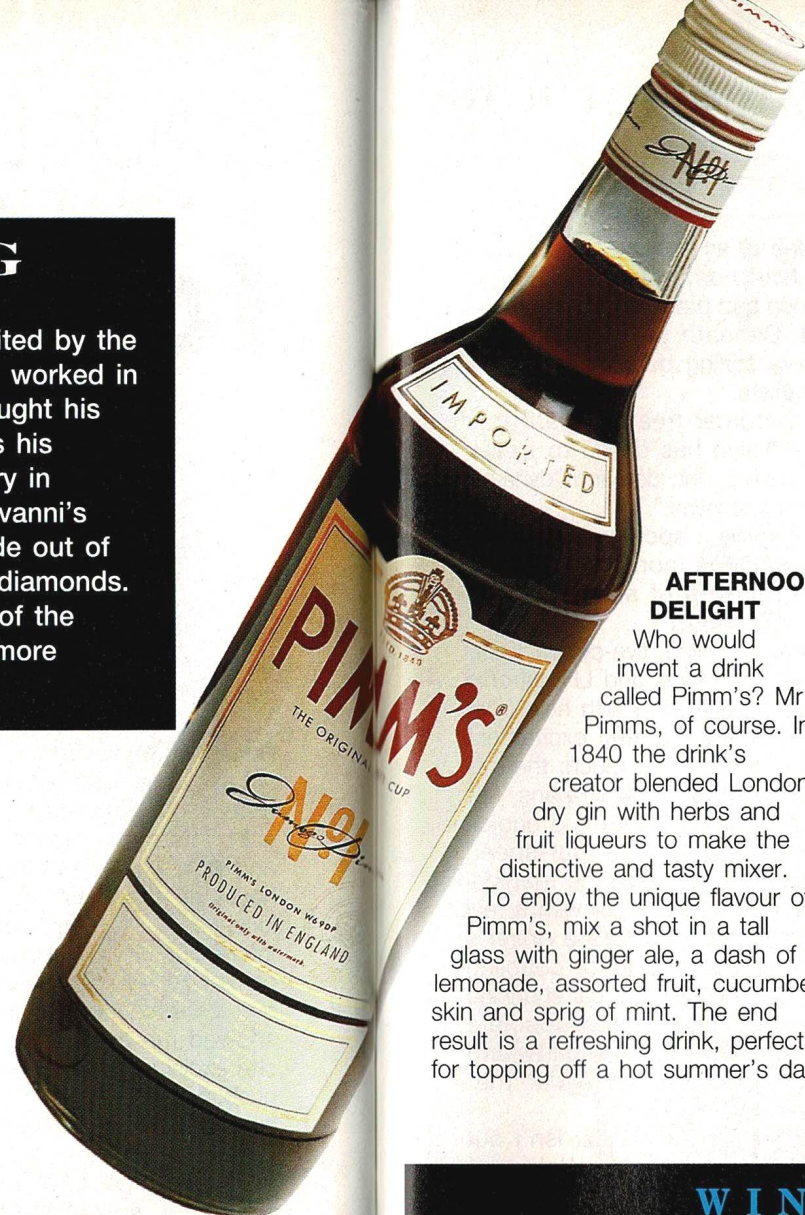
cougar on the loose

Cougar bourbon has released what they term a "hip-flask" shape bottle. At 375ml (half the size of standard bottle), it'll never fit in an average hip pocket, no matter what they call it. Regardless, it tastes pretty good and it's not bad value for money. Available from all good liquor outlets.



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Who would invent a drink called Pimm's? Mr Pimms, of course. In 1840 the drink's creator blended London dry gin with herbs and fruit liqueurs to make the distinctive and tasty mixer. To enjoy the unique flavour of Pimm's, mix a shot in a tall glass with ginger ale, a dash of lemonade, assorted fruit, cucumber skin and sprig of mint. The end result is a refreshing drink, perfect for topping off a hot summer's day.

BEAR ESSENTIALS

Bear Looks Back maybe an odd brand name for clothing. Nevertheless, the range of gym and casual wear for both men and women is taking off. The gear is made of durable cotton and the bold earthy colours reflect its totally Australian origins. For more information call (02) 361 0570.



WIN WITH RADO

Rado watches and *Australian Penthouse* are offering three readers the opportunity to attend the men's singles final at the Melbourne Tennis Centre on January 31, 1993. (Airfares and accommodation are not included.) There's also 12 Rado T-shirt and hat sets as consolation prizes. To be in the draw, simply write your name, address and telephone number on the back of an envelope and send it to: Tennis Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. Entries close on Friday, November 27, 1992. Names of the winners will be published in a upcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse*.



MOTORING

Continued from page 23

in dire need of an exciting new product that was fun to drive, which had strong performance and predictable, responsive handling. Beneath the unmistakably stolid Volvo styling beats the heart of an auto athlete.

The newcomer treads a path that no recent Volvo has dared to travel, targeting buyers who demand "dynamic driving characteristics."

This, folks, is a sporting Volvo, and the description is more than just the wayward thinking of an utopian ad man.

A 125KW, 2.5 litre, five-cylinder alloy engine, with 20 valves and LH Jetronic fuel injection, developed with help from Porsche — that's the stuff excitement is made of. But not too much; there is no manual gearbox for Australians, not immediately anyway. Ours is a choice of one transmission — a four-speed automatic. But, hey, let's be thankful that we've been given a car with a real inclination to respond to the driver's urging, a car with a zest for gobbling up demanding highways, a car shunning carryover engineering and obsolete ideas, a car with real stability and limpet-like roadholding. A car that doesn't feel like the QE II.

The driver senses his car isn't out there looking for a crash. We're not suggesting this Volvo is a rival for the Nissan 300ZX or the Mazda RX-7 or even the BMW M5. The sporty description doesn't go All The Way. But it's a quantum improvement on any Volvo we've seen since the 242 GT.

Priced around \$65,000, it is a comprehensively equipped sports saloon with a promise of delivering driving enjoyment.

Acclaim from European industry critics has been unstinting, although some things do remain the same. A Gothenburg (Sweden) newspaper photographer sent out to capture the public's startled reaction to the new model on the day of its world launch, reported that nobody had noticed the brand new 850 GLT parked among the older 240s and 940 models. So we know the stylists haven't thrown away their rulers. While the family resemblance is obvious, the 850 GLT is a long way from the drop-dead ugliness of its stablemates. Its real appeal, however, is in its personality.

With the 850 GLT rests a huge responsibility to prove the corporation has pulled out of its dead-engine dive and exorcise Volvo of the negative vibes that have imperiled its future here and abroad. — Peter McKay



Pet of the month, Racheal Ellison

INSIDE DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Nightlife — In next month's *Australian Penthouse* we follow Boris and his mates west of Sydney and into the heart of a Saturday night for the latest instalment of our Nightlife series. The destination is the Outcasts Motorcycle Club on the outskirts of Llandilo. There's booze, women, music and even a raid by the local police to make this a night out you won't forget.

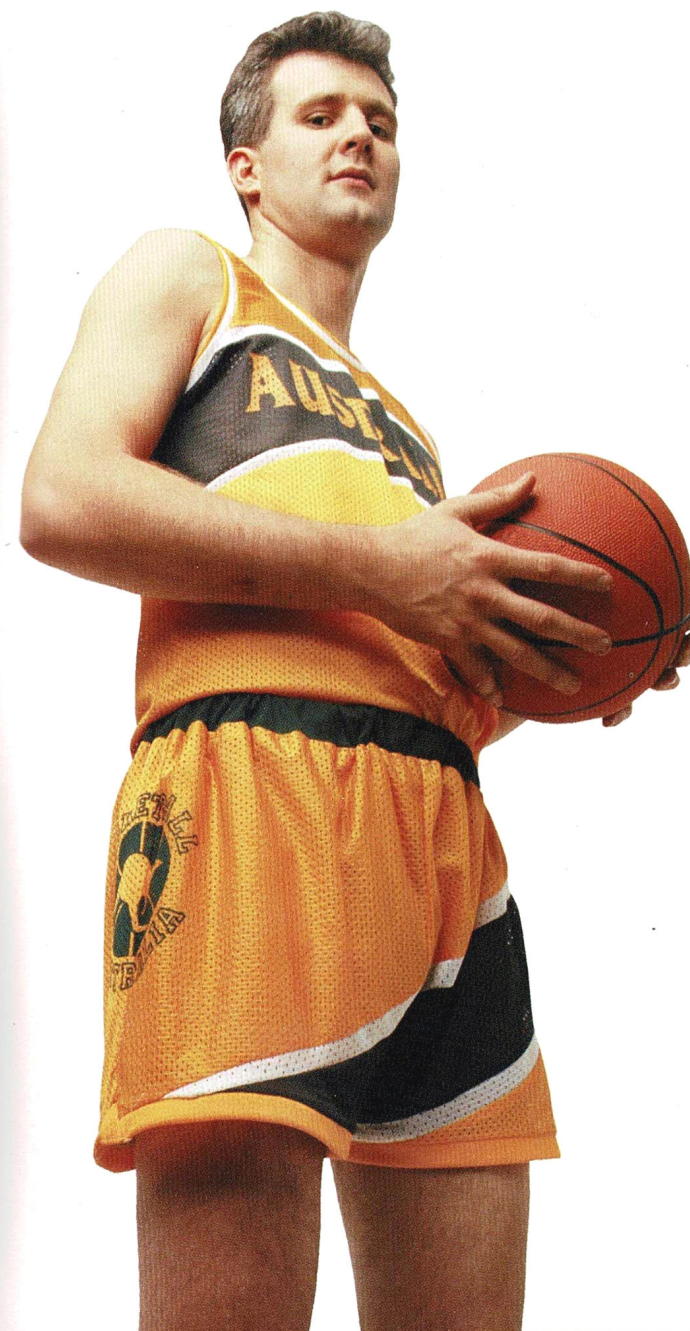
Muscle Drugs — Steroids are potent hormone cocktails that athletes and body builders have been taking for almost 40 years. They help build large muscles and lead to a dizzying array of negative side-effects. After Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson was disgraced at the Seoul Olympics, the steroid scene was investigated in Australia by different government bodies. Now, a new picture of drug abuse has emerged — a potentially huge social steroid problem that includes high school kids. Read about it in the next issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

Yuppies — The Eighties were all about wine bars, Sushi, badly-driven Porsches, Armani jackets, a stock market crash ... and the rise and demise of the Yuppie. But not everybody believes that the Yuppie is dead and buried. Not Jean Norman anyway. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* Ms Norman argues that the Yuppies never died and that there is still only one solution to this scourge of the Eighties.

Pet Of The Month — Lovely Racheal Ellison is a professional dancer and model who has recently moved from Melbourne to the Gold Coast. Catch up with the 21-year-old beauty in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

"If you drink too much you don't look clever, you just look small."

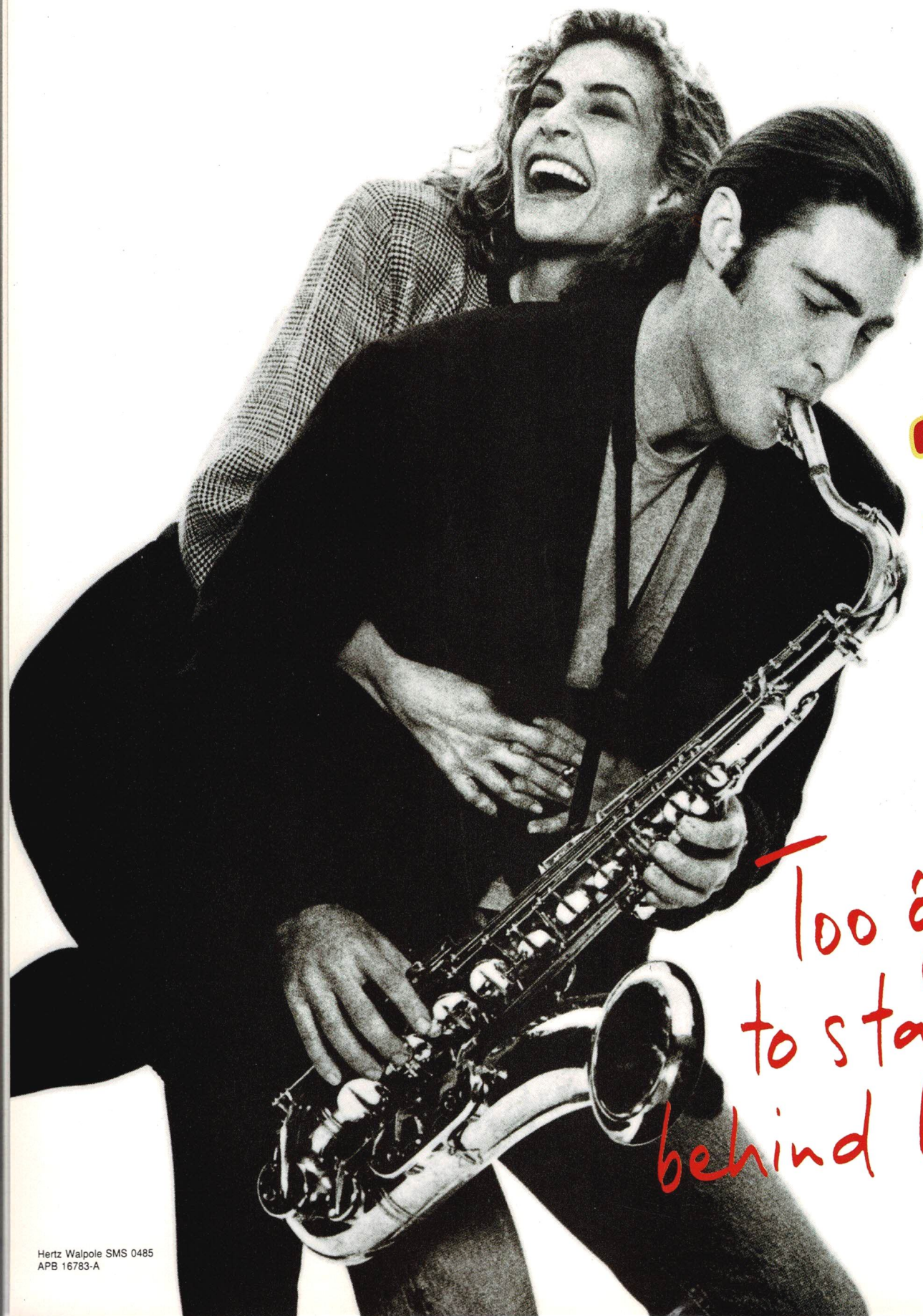
ANDREW GAZE



If you're drinking, keep thinking
MODERATION

—THE—
**ALCOHOL
INDUSTRY**

Classic Smirnoff.



Too good
to stay
behind bars.